McKean County Miner.

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BIG REPUBLICAN MASS MEETING AT COURT HOUSE

A Goodly Crowd Greets Speakers Tuesday Evening.

TELLING SPEECHES WELL RECEIVED

W. A. Andorfer Presided as Chairman F. D. Gallup, Hon. R. P. Habgood and Hon. Mial Lilly Address the Audience —I. O. O. F. Band Played.

The Republican mass meeting held at the court house Tuesday evening was well attended, there being fully 200 listeners present, who thoroughly appreciated the excellent addresses delivered by County Chairman F. D. Gallup, Hon. Robert P. Habgood and Hon. Mial Lilly. Owing to a severe cold Hon. James A. McKean was obliged to stay at home and his physician has ordered him to avoid being out in the night air for the balance of the week.

At 7:30 the I. O. O. F. band formed under the big gas light in front of the Grand Central and played several selections. They then marched to the court house ahead of about 100 voters. After a selection by the band the meeting was called to order and W. A. Andorfer was made chairman.

In a few remarks he announced that F. D. Gallup would deliver the first address. His talk was short and to the point, but he showed very plainly the difference between the stability of Wm. H. Taft and the flexibility of Wm. J. Bryan. The next speaker was Hon. Robert P. Habgood and in his address he fully explained the position of Mr. McKean and himself. Hon. Mial Lilly followed with a sparkling and witty talk of about fifteen minutes but in that short time he made many telling hits with the audience and fully explained the great achievements of the Grand Old Party.

Following are a few excerpts from Mr. Habgood's speech:

Mr. Vulcan, as you all know, introduced a bill in the last legislature providing that the state of Pennsylvania shall give to each of the county fair associations the sum of one thousand dollars, or as much of that amount as they may use in paying premiums for the encouraging of a higher standard of your agricultural interests, of your live stock interests and other interests of our county. This money, mark you, comes from the state. Not one dollar of it comes from the county, and every dollar that comes into the county through that appropriation would not otherwise have come to it. There was much opposition to that bill, but we finally succeeded in putting it through. You people in Smethport particularly know what it means for the county fair, as it is located here. Its officers are live and to you people is due great credit for your work of establishing and maintaining it in a successful manner.

In the last session we also worked for and supported strongly an increase of appropriations which gives fifteen million dollars to the public schools of our state, putting Pennsylvania in the front rank of all states in the perfection of this, the greatest bulwark of our American institutions, the public schools.

We endeavored as far as we could to secure the patronage and appointments due our county as well as the appropriations for its charitable institutions. The Lane hospital received twelve thousand dollars from the state, the Bradford hospital received thirty-five thousand and the Beacon Light mission, an orphanage and a deserving institution in the city of Bradford, received for the first time in its history a state appropriation, the amount of which was three thousand dollars.

And now, fellow citizens, if we are re-elected to represent you in the next legislature we shall not go down there to pass any one particular bill, we shall not go down there to vote for any one man or any one proposition, and I wish in this connection to say very earnestly, sincerely and honestly, that neither Mr. McKean nor myself is pledged to vote for any man that may come before that general assembly for any office no matter what it is, whether for United States senator or any other office, and we will not be.

And when we come to vote on measures or men before that general assembly the only question which we shall raise, and the one standard we will lay down will be, what is for the best interests of McKean county first, and of the state of Pennsylvania second.

For Sale.

Just received two carloads of fertilizer and farm implements. Three sets second-hand work harness, three second-hand heavy lumber wagons for sale cheap. E. W. Jones, Smethport, Pa.

DeWitt's Little Early Early Risers are small pills, easy to take, gentle and sure. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Death of Mrs. William H. Miller.

Clara Elizabeth Hungerford was born at Smethport, McKean county, Pa., December 7, 1872, and passed her life in this place with the exception of a few years in New York, where death claimed her early Monday morning, Oct. 19, 1908.

She was united in marriage to William H. Miller of New York, at St Elizabeth's church in this place September 5, 1899, and the result of this union is two children, William, aged seven and Lucile, aged four years. She was a faithful, indulgent and affectionate mother and the little ones have lost in her the best friend that they will ever know on earth.

Mrs. Miller and children arrived in Smethport July 4th and had been visiting relatives in this and other nearby towns until about four weeks ago when, not feeling well and thinking the climate here did not agree with her, she returned to her husband and home in New York, much sooner than she had previously planned. Her health did not improve although everything was done for her that medical and nursing skill could do, but the final summons came on Monday, caused by chronic asthama.

Clara Hungerford Miller was a most beautiful type of womanhood and to know her and associate with her was a pleasure and comfort to those fortunate enough to have her with them.

She is survived by her husband and two children of New York; six brothers, Maurice of Rixford, Edward and John of Bolivar, N. Y., Michael, Thomas and William; and one sister, Mrs. Mary Hussey, of this place, who have the heartfelt sympathy of all in the loss of their loved one.

Once again the uncertainty of life has been manifested in the unexpected death of Mrs. Clara Miller. She had been in poor health for some time, but no one thought that there was any immediate danger. Her death was a shock to this community and brought the deepest sorrow to her relatives and a large circle of friends. There was a daily beauty about her life that endeared her to not her acquaintances who will always remember her as a true and kind friend.

Maurice Edwards and William departed for New York Monday and to-morrow Wednesday with the mourning and sorrowing husband.

The funeral was held at St. Elizabeth's church this morning, Rev. J. F. Dugan officiating, and the body was laid to rest in St. Elizabeth's cemetery.

Entered Into Rest.

Mary Tanner Morrison died at her home on Green street Monday morning at 8:30 o'clock.

Mary Tanner was born at Wasungen, Saxon Meiningen, Germany, December 23, 1869 and came to this country with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Tanner, in the year of 1871, she then being a little child of one and one-half years. She was married to Arthur Lyons of Stoneborough, Mercer Co. Pa., about 19 years ago and one child blessed this union, Claude, who was living with his mother at the time of her death. Mr. Lyons was stricken with typhoid fever and died about ten years ago. Mrs. Lyons then returned to this place, where she has ever since made her home. She was united in marriage to John Morrison of this place in May 1905 and has proven herself to be a kind, loving, true wife and mother, and her taking away will be keenly felt by one and all. She was a member of the Presbyterian church at Stoneborough, Pa., and always loyal to her belief.

Besides her husband and son, she leaves to mourn her demise, an aged mother, Mrs. Eliess Tanner, three brothers, August, William and Carl, two sisters, Mrs. Louisa Martin and Mrs. Bela Ferman all of Farmers Valley.

Mrs. Morrison was taken sick two weeks ago with typhoid fever but was not considered dangerously ill until the last of the week when it was found that a clot of blood had formed on the brain. Her sufferings were intense and she entertained no hope of recovery from the day she was taken ill. She was a member of the P. H. C. of this place and the Mutual Life Association of Syracuse, N. Y. Mrs. Morrison was a woman that was highly esteemed by those who knew her, and the family have the sympathy of all, in their misfortune. The funeral was held from the M. E. church Wednesday afternoon at 1:30 the services being conducted by Rev. W. A. Harris and the body was laid at rest in Smith's cemetery. The floral offerings were many and beautiful.

Fresh Sea Foods.

We are now prepared to furnish our customers with all kinds of strictly fresh sea foods, including oysters in shell or bulk, clams, live lobsters, soft and hard shell crabs and all kinds of fresh sea fish. Your orders respectfully solicited and promptly delivered. We will call for orders upon request. Prices reasonable.

FRED TAYLOR & CO.

Fall Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery. The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

16tf Mrs. CARRIE CLARK.

BRADFORD ATTORNEY DEAD.

J. M. McClure Died From Heart Disease Tuesday Morning.

Joseph M. McClure, one of the best known attorneys of the McKean county bar, died at his home in Bradford Tuesday morning, the cause of his death being heart disease. He had been in poor health for several months, but had been able to attend to his duties for some time past.

The deceased was well and favorably known throughout the county and had many warm friends who deeply mourn his sudden death.

From the History of McKean county the following facts concerning the career of the deceased are taken:

Joseph M. McClure was born in Perry county, Pennsylvania, December 28, 1838, the sixth of ten children of James and Rachel Oliver Patterson McClure, who were natives of the State, of Scotch-Irish descent. In his boyhood Mr. McClure had but limited educational advantages, attending in the winter the district schools. He served an apprenticeship at the tanner's trade, and, mastering the main details, served two years in the currier and roller department. Although his time was so much taken up, his thirst for knowledge induced him to study in all his spare moments and when he was twenty years old he accepted a position to teach and successfully taught the higher departments of a graded school. The next year he entered the Tuscarora academy where he prepared for college and in the autumn of 1862 he was able to enter the freshman class of Yale college where he graduated in 1866 in a class of ninety-six young men. He then took up the study of law at Mifflintown, Pa., completing his course in Chambersburg with the Hon. John Stewart, later presiding judge of Franklin county.

He was married in Philadelphia November 27, 1867, to Alice Ramersly, daughter of George W. Ramersly.

Mr. McClure was admitted to the bar of Franklin county in 1867 and in 1868 moved to Harrisburg. In 1869 he was appointed assistant State Reporter and in the fall of the same year he was appointed deputy attorney general of the State. He was admitted to practice in the Supreme and United States courts in that year. In 1873 he went to Doylestown, Bucks county, where he edited and managed English and German weekly newspapers. In 1874 he again resumed the practice of his profession at Allentown and in 1879 he moved to Bradford where he and the late Eugene Mullin formed a law partnership by which terms Mr. McClure and C. F. Sharpe were partners at law, the firm only recently dissolving.

From the Era we clip the following: When the people of the city learned of the death of Mr. McClure a profound sense of sorrow was felt by all who knew the deceased attorney and who appreciated his nobility of character. He had lived in Bradford many years and his friends and acquaintances were legion. For the bereaved family sincere sympathy is felt throughout the community. The deceased is survived by his wife, two daughters and three sons. The daughters are Miss Mary McClure (who is on the library staff of Columbia University and tutor for entrance to Vassar college) and Miss Margaret McClure of this city. Robert McClure of Los Angeles, Cal., Kenneth McClure of Buffalo, and Donald McClure of Barnesville, Okla., are the sons. One sister Mrs. Charles Barnett, of New Bloomfield, Pa., also survives.

In politics Mr. McClure was formerly a Democrat but of late was identified with the Republican party. He was a lawyer of splendid qualifications and high standing. Mr. McClure was a public spirited man who was deeply interested in the welfare of the community. In his manner he was congenial and of a cheery disposition. He was outspoken and honest in his convictions, a foe to shams of every kind.

Fire at Corwin Center.

Fire of an unknown origin destroyed a dwelling house belonging to Charles Corwin, and located at Corwin Center, about 1 o'clock Sunday afternoon. The house was occupied by Charles Cleveland and family. On Sunday Mrs. Cleveland was at home alone, her husband being away on a milk delivery wagon, and a son was at church.

The fire started in the upper part of the structure. Mrs. Cleveland, who made the discovery, went up-stairs and as she reached the upper floor she saw the form of a man disappear from the roof of the veranda.

The facts of the case were given to the police to investigate.

Mr. Corwin, the owner of the burned structure informed the Era that his loss will reach between $5,000 and $6,000 with insurance on about half the amount.

Mrs. Cleveland, with the assistance of neighbors, succeeded in saving some household effects from the ground floor. The occupant's losses, accordingly, will be small.

One of the barns on the place was saved with difficulty.—Bradford Era.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Scene from "THE DEVIL," at the Lyceum, October 30, 1908.

Death of William Doyle.

William E. Doyle died at his home in St. Marys, W. Va., on Saturday, October 17, 1908, the cause of his death being pneumonia. He was aged about 47 years.

The deceased was born in Annin township where he spent his boyhood days. About twenty-five years ago he came to Smethport where he studied law in the office of Hon. Kennett and he was admitted to the McKean county bar. He then opened a law office in Eldred where he practiced his profession for a year or more. Leaving there he went south and later went into the oil business in the West Virginia field. From there he went to the Kansas, Indian Territory, Indiana and Illinois fields, operating in each with various degrees of success, and a short time before his death he returned to St. Marys and engaged in business.

Fifteen years ago he was united in marriage to Miss Julia Mullin of Annin township and this union was blessed with one child, Clara, a girl now fourteen years of age who resides with her grandparents at Sartwell. Ten years ago his first wife died and about five years ago he was married to Miss Edna Stewart of St. Marys, W. Va., and to them one child was born, a bright little girl now three years of age, named Virginia, who with his wife, three brothers, John C., A. D. and Arthur and one sister, Mrs. T. H. Barber of Mt. Jewett, survive to mourn his loss.

"Bill" Doyle, as he was familiarly known by his many old time friends here, was one of those great-big, good natured, powerful men, who always looked on the bright side of life and was ever ready to do a favor for a friend or help the needy. He possessed a happy disposition and a pleasant way which made him many warm friends wherever he went and many will learn with deep regret that death has claimed him.

His remains were brought to his boyhood home in Sartwell on Monday and the funeral was held at the Catholic church there Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock, Rev. P. Donohue officiating. His remains were laid at rest in the Sartwell cemetery.

What Critics Say of "The Devil."

Of "The Devil" the Viennese play which will be presented by Alfred E. Aarons by special arrangement with Henry W. Savage at the Lyceum on Friday, Oct. 30, the New York critics have the following to say:

Times—"Beautifully staged and exceedingly well-acted."

Press—"One of the strongest plays the stage has seen in a decade."

Sun—"The play grips tightly from the first instant."

World—"'The Devil' is at the Garden for a long and merry run."

Tribune—"Uproar of applause followed the curtains on the second act."

Herald—"Astonishing * * * The audience breathless."

American—"Twenty-one curtain calls after the second act for the only authorized version."

Telegraph—"Mr. Savage called before the curtain to acknowledge a cyclone of cheering for his unparalleled feat."

Evening Telegram—"Garden Theatre far too small for the crowds who desired to see the novel production."

Mail—"Mr. Savage's mail is full of invitations to come early and avoid the rush."

Subscribe for the MINER.

It is Our Institute.

It is something of an honor to entertain nearly three hundred teachers for a week, especially when they pay for their board; and it is a time for enjoyment and improvement when several of the leading educators and entertainers of the country appear.

That the people of Smethport and vicinity appreciate the annual institute as an established fact and week, at this time, to thank you for past favors as well as to ask your continued patronage. That this may not be set down as "just talk," let me show you what has been done.

In 1905 you (the public) contributed to the institute by attending the evening entertainments $181.68; in 1906, $230.60; in 1907, $340 40.

Such loyalty deserves to be thus more words and figures fail to convey our appreciation by securing such better talent each year, and by putting the price as low as the expenditures will justify. Last year the single admissions for the week amounted to $2 25, and course tickets were being sold for $2.00. Although this year's list of attractions is costing nearly $100 more than last, the single admissions for the four nights only amount to $2 00 and course tickets are being sold for $1.60.

I want you to feel that it is our institute; and that when you buy a ticket you are not only sure of getting more than your money's worth, but are at the same time helping the cause of education over the whole county by making possible for the teachers an institute of the first rank.

You may be dissapointed to know that Governor Pauly about whom you have heard so much has canceled his date. It is certainly most annoying to me, But for the fact that I have been able to secure in his place, a man equally as great, this space would have contained an apology instead of an appeal. Judge Willis Brown of the Salt Lake City juvenile court, we have a man of wonderful power and a marvelous entertainer.

The Bureau concludes its letter of explanation with the words: "If he does not please you, we will give you an attraction next year for nothing."

Let me say that I feel confident of your support in this emergency, and if you are in any way dissatisfied with your investment, your money will be refunded. Sincerely yours,

BURDETTE S. BAYLE, Supt.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Oct. 17, 1908:

Miss Augusta, Burg, Edward Butler, Miss Hollie Brougham, Miss Frances Rupeck, Jennie Lynch, Charley Smith.

Foreign: Szuowny Pan Jan Turkewfoy, Ruiko di Kisuloff.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP, Postmaster.

Burns, bruises and big scratches, big and little cuts or in fact anything requiring any salve, are best and quickest soothed and healed by DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve. The best salve for piles. Be sure to get DeWitt's. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

For Sale.

A good hammerless shotgun. For particulars inquire of

E. W. WORKLEY.

A REMARKABLE SALE EVENT.

Bell Bros. of Olean, N. Y., Make a Large Purchase of Silk.

A big lot of silk was purchased through our representative of the New York Mercantile Association, amounting to over 10,000 yards at less than 50c on the dollar, 2,000 yards was forwarded to us. This trade advantage came to us solely because the mill had vastly more goods in stock than orders on their books. He needed cash and was glad to accept our spot cash offer, even at a loss. Every piece of silk in this lot is worth from $1.00 to $1.25 per yard, all very desirable for both dresses and waists. Saturday, October 24th, we offer the entire purchase at choice 69c per yard. As we anticipate a large sale, we advise out-of-town customers to write in for samples at once as we will accept mail orders on these silks to be delivered at the beginning of the sale. Early choice is best.

Another important event at the Big Store this week is our sale of Furniture and Lace Curtains.

BELL BROS.

Double Tragedy at Warren.

A dispatch from Warren, dated Oct. 19, says: James Lynch of Lakewood, N. Y., and Miss Pearl Collins of Oil City, the former 35 years of age and the latter 23 years old, are dead in this city and their bodies are at the morgue, as the result of a double tragedy which occurred early this evening.

Lynch came to Warren this evening to call upon the girl and the couple went out for a walk. They had gone some distance when Lynch asked the Collins girl to marry him and informed her that if she refused he would shoot her.

Hearing the threat, James Young interfered and Lynch told Young to keep off or he would shoot him. It is supposed that the girl gave Lynch a negative answer and Lynch pulled a revolver from his pocket and shot the girl in the left breast. She dropped to the ground dead.

Young hastened to the Warren hospital for assistance and on his return to the scene of the tragedy, Lynch had turned the weapon upon himself and sent a bullet crashing into his right temple. He, too, was dead.

Lynch was an Erie fireman.

Miss Collins had been employed in the laundry department of the State Hospital at North Warren. Her people live in Oil City.

Child Burned to Death.

An awfully sad death occurred near Colesburg in Allegany township Wednesday afternoon about 4 o'clock.

Little Phillis Loretta Conway, daughter of Mrs. Ezgin Conway, was horribly burned in the morning of the same day and died of her injuries after hours of indescribable suffering.

Immediately after breakfast, about eight o'clock in the morning, Mrs. Conway who lives at the home of Henry Cornelius, left her children to go to a neighbor's for some milk. After she had gone Little Phillis climbed upon the table and got hold of some matches. In some way she ignited her clothing and enveloped in flames she ran out to meet her mother. The wind only fanned the blaze and by the time her mother reached her and covered her the burning clothes the little victim was fatally burned. Dr. R. B. Knight was sent for and everything possible done to save the dear little life but all effort was of no avail.

After five or six hours of terrible pain and agony the precious innocent soul was wafted to the world of angels.

Little Phillis was a pretty, intesting child and only two years old. The mother is heartbroken.—Coudersport Enterprise.

The Official Ballot.

The official ballot for the coming general election will be a corker, says the Punxs'y Spirit. After a voter unfolds his ballot in a booth he will not have much room for anything else. He will have to be careful how he doubles it back up or he will never get it into an ordinary ballot box. A man that votes anything else but a straight party ticket must be very alert.

In size the ballot is 28 inches long and 22 inches wide. It is one of the largest ballots ever used. The part of the ballot containing the national and state tickets is large enough, but with the addition of the county ticket it is a record breaker.

There are seven columns across the ballot that contain each of the 34 electors, except the seventh column, which is blank, in which may be written the name of any elector not on the ballot regularly. Each column is headed by the name of the party, under which appears the name of the Presidential candidate. The Republican party leads, with the Democratic, Prohibition, Socialist, Independence and Socialist Labor parties in the order named.

Rings Little Liver Pills for biliousness sick headache, muddy complexion. They tone the liver; do not gripe. They keep you well. 25c. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and G. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Close to the Ground.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

Copyright, 1903, by Frank H. Sweet.

"SEEMS mighty like it's gohn' to be a good crop year, mellowin' weather an' just rain 'nough to keep the ground from bake in'. If it keeps on like this, we can surely pay for the land come next crop an' maybe have somethin' left for a mule."

"An' what's it all good for?" asked Loolzy. The girl spoke indifferently and with the slow drawl peculiar to the Georgia cracker. "You work harder'n any man round here, harder'n the plantation niggers themselves. An' what does it 'mount to? They have spendin' money an' go to circuses an' have store truck to eat, while we all just stick to corn pones an' grits an' work."

"But it's to pay for the land, Loolzy," said the old man eagerly. "After that's done paid for we-uns have more spendin' money. There'll be no more rents nor shares. An' we're the only poor family round here that is gittin' to own land just like quality folks. I'm workin' for you all more'n for myself, Loolzy, for you an' Betty an' Molly. I'd like to have you equal to the best of 'em. But it would be more pleasant like to have store things. We might spend some o' the land money that a-way."

The girl made a quick, impatient movement.

"'Tain't the store things I care for," she said sharply. "I ain't after such truck. But I low I hate everything around here. It's so pitiful an' no 'count. We all are poor, ignorant crackers, an' we can't help ourselves. Gettin' land ain't goin' to make we uns quality. We must have learnin' an' manners an' know about things. But we all can't learn for there's no schools here an' nobody to show us." She paused and dug her bare foot in the sand. After a few moments she went on, more slowly and with a subtle change in her father's "You an' Betty an' the neighbors low as I'm triflin' an' lazy. I don't help in the field an' redn' the house. But I don't care. I don't care for the land. I don't care for work an' I low I don't care for anything nor anybody."

"You're out of corn pone, I 'low, an' need more victuals. S'pose you go down to the settlers an' long o' Betty an' Molly an' be pretty gay. Maybe it'll make you feel more peart."

But she shook her head decidedly.

"I hate the settlement. The boys call me 'Cracker' an' cracker trash an' other things after me. But I 'low I'll show 'em. I generl'y fixes 'em." And she gave a harsh little laugh in which was a trace of exultation. "You all can tote the eggs. I reckon I'll go fishin' down the creek."

It was late in the afternoon when Loolzy returned from the creek. As she approached the cabin she saw a strange team move away, and one of the two men who occupied the wagon she recognized as the settlement doctor. Hurrying forward, she almost stumbled over Betty, who was lying on the floor sobbing bitterly. But Loolzy scarcely noticed her. She was looking at the motionless figure on the bed.

"What is it?" she asked in a sharp whisper.

"Pap's done smashi awful!" wailed Betty. "What shall we do? What shall we do?"

The figure on the bed turned slightly and tried to raise itself, but sank back, with a groan. In an instant she was by his side.

"What is it, daddy?" she asked softly as she smoothed the gray hair back from his face. "Can I help to raise you or 'on anything?"

"You mustn't be scared, honey," he gasped. "It ain't nothin' 'cept for the pain an' for losin' the crop."

"But what is the matter, daddy? How's you hurt?"

"It's just one foot," he said, with a grimace, "only one, but the doctor 'lows it's plumb bad an' that I'm to truckle right here on this bed for the Lord knows how long."

"Pap was a-grabbin for—for a pieka-

SHE MOVED WEARILY TOWARD THE CABIN.

ninny that was crawlin' in the road," said Betty between her sobs, "an'—an' the runaway horses stomped him. Niggers shouldn't be 'lowed to have young uns in the road."

"Was the pickaninny saved?" asked Loolzy eagerly.

Her father nodded.

"The child warn't to blame," he said "an' I couldn't help a-grabbin'. An' surely the young un's worth more'n it cost me. I ain't a-mutterin' agin the hurt, but I'm most plumb bitter to loss the crop an' not have money for the land. If only I could have the land an' be able to work just the same."

"Never mind, daddy; it'll come round all right," she said quietly. "Just you rest easy an' don't worry. We all can look after things."

"An'—an' you don't feel hard on me for gettin' hurt? I was studyin' how to make things more pleasant-like, an' here I've done made 'em worse. It'll be more work, Loolzy, honey, but I reckon you'll have to help Betty now an' again." There'll be the hens an' pigs to look after an' the housework an' the tendin'. We'll have to be close, but I reckon the hens'll 'mount to a bit in."

"I done told you not to fret, daddy," she said softly. "Just you rest easy an' 'pend on we all to look out for things. As for—for hurt," a slight flush creeping into her face, "I'm glad of it. That's worth all the land an' the crops in the world."

As the night came on his foot grew more painful, and at times he was delirious. Loolzy remained with him until after midnight, when, as he grew more quiet, she called Betty to take her place. Soon after the old man sank into a quiet sleep.

It was late in the forenoon when he awoke. Betty was working about the room, and he could hear the voice of little Molly outside calling the chickens.

"Where's Loolzy?" he asked.

"I don't k'now. She done took some pone an' bacon an' left 'fore sunup. She 'lowed maybe she'd be back 'fore night an' mebbe she wouldn't. I asked her to help me first, but she 'lowed Molly an' the cabin took after the chores an' housework."

The old man sighed. He had been hoping for better things from Loolzy.

Meanwhile Loolzy was pulling slowly back and forth across the tobacco field. The rows were long and the work hard and laborious, and the girl made little progress. But gradually as the hours wore by her position shifted from one side of the field to the other. All through the long hot day she worked, not pausing to rest even a moment, only stopping when the shadows made it hard to distinguish the weeds between the rows. Then she looked back at her work.

"Six rows done back," she said aloud. "It's a good day's work. But I'm plumb tired."

Throwing the hoe across her shoulder as she had seen her father do, she moved wearily toward the cabin. On entering she found Betty in the act of setting the supper of corn and bacon on the table. Her father looked up quickly as she came in.

"You've been a long time," he said. "We've been lookin' for you right smart."

"I was busy," she answered, "an' couldn't get here any sooner. After this I'll try to be 'round home more. Had dem' 'ere gone, daddy?"

"Betty 'lowed so. Then as she sat down beside him he reached out and took one of her hands in his and looked up into her face. Her eyes were clear, and she met his gaze with a little smile. What did it mean? Had he been mistaken? He drew her head down and noticed that it trembled as though with pain. He raised it to the light.

"Why, Loolzy," and there were wonder and dismay in the voice, "your hands are all solid blister!"

"It's only 'cause they ain't used to the work," she answered hastily. "I've been that lazy my hands are actually gettin' soft. A few days in the field an' they'll be good hands for work."

"An'—an' you've been workin' in the field all day," he said slowly, "an' I a-lyin' here an' misjudgin' you! But you mustn't do it, Loolzy, honey. It's too hard. If you 'low on helpin' you might look after the truck patch."

But Loolzy shook her head.

"I'm the oldest," she said, "an' must look out for the man's work. If Betty an' Molly have time from the housework they might help in the truck patch."

As the weeks went by, Loolzy's hands became accustomed to the work and the blisters disappeared. When she had finished hoeing the tobacco she went to the cotton field. From there she went to the melons.

One day Loolzy came in with a glowing face.

"The melons are ripenin'," she said; "an' there's goin' to be more'n we all ever had before."

A few days later Loolzy reported that thieves had entered the field the night before and taken some of the melons. That night the theft was repeated. Several days passed, and more of the melons were missed.

"I wouldn't care if they warn't so perticular," said Loolzy, "but they just pick the biggest an' best."

Late that night she was awakened by a small figure at her bedside.

"What is it, Molly?" she asked drowsily.

"I've done 'ketched 'em," was the startling answer. "After you all was 'sleep I just crept out the cabin an' hid 'mong the melon vines. It seemed most a year 'fore they came, an' I was plumb sleepy. But I just pinched myself, an' when they did come I up an' told 'em 'bout we all workin' an' 'bout the land an' pap bein' sick an' 'bout you 'lowin' they might take the small melons an' leave the big ones."

"Molly!" And Loolzy sat upright in bed. She was wide awake now. "Ain't you yarnin'?"

"I reckon not," confidently. "'cause I've got 4 one of the young men gave me for the melons. They's nice men an' 'lowed they'd be roun' an' see you tomorrow. They's campin' over to Long pond."

The next morning as Loolzy was on her way to work she was met by several young men.

"Miss Louise, I suppose?" said one of them, raising his hat.

"Loolzy they call me," was the quiet answer.

"Well, I—I suppose that queer sister of yours has told about our raiding the melon patch?" hesitating and coloring a little as he spoke. "But I assure you we meant no real harm. If we had known the facts in the case we would never have entered the field. Somehow melons and apples have always seemed different from other property. However," a quick, frank smile coming to his face, "that isn't what we're here for. We wish to apologize and to make some arrangement

"MISS LOUISE, I SUPPOSE?" SAID ONE OF THEM.

for the future. You see we are very fond of melons, and we have decided not to pick any more after dark. We might go to the settlement for them, but that would be a long walk, and the melons would not be fresh. Besides, we have acquired a taste for yours. Now, if you are willing to trust us we will act fair and square and pay you for every one we take. We shall want a lot, and there is another crowd of young fellows coming down from Augusta next week."

"Augusta?" looking up quickly. "I low that's where they have schools for girls, I mean?"

"There are several good ones, I believe," he answered. "Can you think of going?"

"Yes," I just asked, I reckon you can take what melons you want. We will are glad to sell 'em."

Before the melons were gone Andy's foot had so improved that he was able to hobble out to the fields. Leaning on his cane and assisted by Loolzy, he went slowly from one field to another.

"It's a good crop," he said, "as good's I ever raised myself, even 'mongst cured, tobacco good an' entirely gay hand-labor cotton in the whole deal. I can hardly believe that one gal did it all."

One afternoon a few months later Andy called the girls into the cabin. Going to his strong box in the corner, he took from it a bag that was heavy with silver and small coins. These he emptied upon the table and divided into two piles.

"It's the most crop money we all ever had at once," he said, "it it was made by a gal. Now, this," pointing to the larger pile, "is for the land. It will pay it all up clear. An' this," touching the other pile, "is for Loolzy to go to school up in Augusta. I had a talk 'long o' the boys that bought the melons, an' they told me 'bout Loolzy askin' after the school. An'—an', Loolzy," looking at her wistfully, "one of 'em—the one that talks—said as how he'd asked you to marry him an' that you answered no, you wa'n't fit, but that if ever you had a chance to git learnin', so you could act like quality folks, an' he should wait, then he could come an' ask ag'in. He said he felt it a duty to tell me an' that he should wait if 'twas a whole lifetime, for you was the noblest gal ever was an' the only one he could ever care for. He seemed a nice boy."

A soft color had been stealing into Loolzy's cheeks, but her gaze did not fall.

"Yes, he's a nice boy, daddy," she answered; "but I told him not to wait, for it would be years an' years even if I ever got a chance. He said he wouldn't take that answer, though, an' kept beggin', so at last I said if he did wait he could come an' ask ag'in some time. He's a foolish boy, but he—he is nice."

"An' you're nice, Loolzy," said old Andy simply. "Well, after the talk I went down an' saw the storekeeper to the settlement, an' he gave me p'ints. This money 'll pay for schoolin' till next crop, an' by that time there'll be more. Loolzy can board 'long o' her Aunt Lizy, who lives in Augusta. If I'd found out 'twas schoolin' you wanted so bad I might 'a' helped you before, Loolzy, honey."

The girl had listened with a growing wonder in her face. Several times she essayed to speak, then rushed from the cabin.

"Poor little gal!" said the old man. "I didn't know as she cared so much."

Pinoles for the Kidneys, 30 days' trial $1.00. Hundreds of people testify to the merit of this preparation in the relief of kidney trouble, rheumatism, lumbago, backache. Pinoles act directly on the kidneys, purify the blood and make you feel like a new person. They tone the system. Sold by C. A. Anderson, Colegrove and Palace Pharmacy, Smethport.

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Brevities

THE HALL OF FAME.

A daughter was born recently at Squirrel Island, Maine, to Mrs. J. R. M. Dillon. This is said to be the first baby ever born on the island.

After conducting a large grocery business in Belfast, Me., for more than fifty years Frank M. Lancaster of that town, aged ninety-one, has decided that he deserves a rest.

King William and Queen Charlotte of Wurttemberg recently made a balloon ascension with Count von Zeppelin, an experience said to be unique among members of royal families.

King Edward changes his attire about three times a day, and he orders about thirty new suits every year, and at Buckingham palace, Windsor castle and Sandringham he keeps a stock of about 200.

Carl Goldmark, the veteran composer, at the age of seventy-eight has brought out a new opera, "A Winter's Tale," with text from Shakespeare, which is spoken of as a new departure and has been meeting with much success in Europe.

General William Booth, commander of the Salvation Army, has issued a long manifesto eloquently pleading for the equality of women with men and exhorting every member of his army to embrace this view and train his children to this end.

Kingdon Gould, son of George J. Gould, is working in the mines of Guanajuato as a common miner under the instruction and supervision of Professor Kemp, instructor of geology of Columbia university, where young Gould has been studying mining engineering.

Dr. Yung Wing, former Chinese commissioner of education and now a resident of Hartford, is interdicted from returning to China. "He is now a proscribed man, with a bounty of $50,000 facts upon his head," says the Hartford Courant. "His last visit was in 1902, when the made some effort to revive the liberal movements which were attended with such success earlier in his career, but it was an utter failure."

Plays and Players.

The Rogers Brothers will play "In Harness" for another season.

Margaret May, a sister of Edna May, is to be in Fritzi Scheff's company.

George M. Cohan's new musical comedy is called "The American Idea."

Virginia Earle may return to musical comedy, as she has been offered the prima donna role in a new musical production.

William Vaughan Moody, the author of "The Great Divide," has completed another play, "The Juggernaut." Henry Miller controls the rights.

George Gross-Smith, the author of "The Girls of Gottenberg," has been engaged as a play to suit Bertha Williams in "Lady Buttles."

Marie Cahill's new play is not at all as pictured "The Boys and Betty." The book is by George V. Hobart. The music is by Jean Schwartz, composer of Miss Cahill's success.

Current Comment.

"Oh, I shall win that cup eventually," says Sir Thomas Lipton. No doubting Thomas this.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Several airships can cut a figure 8 in the air, but when it comes to profits they all seem to cut a figure 0.—Philadelphia North American.

Customs officers have decided that bangtipes are toys. For the love of the land don't let the children in on the secret.—Baltimore American Star.

It may not be long now before that famous saying, "What is the constitution between friends?" will be translated into Turkish.—Washington Post.

America leads the world, says the national board of fire underwriters. In what? In fire loss. It is a grand distinction, to be sure.—Springfield Republican.

German Gleanings.

A statue of Liebig is to be erected in Darmstadt, where he was born in 1803.

In some parts of Germany glass telephone poles re-enforced by wire are in use.

There are in Germany some 9,000 chemical factories, with nearly 200,000 workers, who receive in wages over $30,000,000 a year.

The first electric ferryboat in Germany has just been launched at Duisburg. It has twin screws, which are propelled by an accumulating current from two electric motors of fifty horsepower capacity. The boat can carry 645 passengers, besides horses, automobiles and vehicles.

Pith and Point.

In spite of our troubles we all do pretty well.

Let the devil alone, and he'll not bother you.

No scheme pays as well as legitimate business.

Some people never get to the front because they stop and talk too often.

As soon as an old fool acquires a little sense a young fool steps up to repeat his mistakes.

The older a man grows the earlier he decides every day that he will do the thing which will make him a great man tomorrow.—Atchison Globe.

ROMANCE TESTED.

"I'd fly with you
Some isle unto."
The maid romantic cried,
"And though 'twere bleak,
No more I'd seek
If you were by my side!
All—all I'd leave,
Nor would I grieve
Whate'er come to pass."
"Ah, love," cried he,
"Would you for me
Leave even your looking glass?"
A shade of doubt
Her eyes about
Seemed sudden to awake.
She murmured: "Yes,
Just that, I guess,
I'd really have to take,
But get a frink
Et else—just think!
My zeal would never flag"—
She paused—"Oh, no!
I couldn't go
Without my powder rag!"
—Kansas City Times.

The Truth of It.

Tom—Miss Woolley tells me her grandfather was a real estate conveyancer.

Tess—The idea!

Tom—Why? Isn't that true?

Tess—Oh, yes; I see what she means. The earl her grandfather drove was a conveyance for transporting real estate.—Philadelphia Press.

The Outcast.

You ask me why I weep and moan
Like some lost spirit in despair,
And why I wander off alone
And paw the ground and tear my hair. You ask me
why I pack this gun, all loaded up
prepared to shoot. Alas my troubles
have begun. The women folk are can-
ning fruit. There is no place for me to
eat unless I eat upon the floor, the
peelings get beneath my feet and
make me fall a block or more. The
odors from the boiling jam all day as
salt my weary smack. You that be-
hold, this wreck I am the women folk
are canning fruit. Oh, they have
peaches on the chairs and mushy ap-
ples on the floor and wormy plums
upon the seats and piles of pears out
side the door, and they are boiling
pulp and juice, and you may hear them
yell and howl. A man's existence is
the direst the women folk are canning
fruit.—Emporia (Kan.) Gazette.

Only One Reason.

"Papa, George wants to break our engagement."

"What reason does he advance?".

"He says he has a lot of reasons, but he mentions only one."

"Ah! What's that?"

"He says he has seen somebody he loves much better than he loves me."

"And that's the only reason he gives?"

"Yes."

"Don't bother him about the others."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

No?

"Learning to play the violin," mutttered the persistent amateur, bending over his sheet music and making an other stab at the instrument, "is no snap."

This being the exact psychological moment, the E string snapped.—Chicago Tribune.

To the Point.

"Well," said Nuritch, showing Kandor through his new house, "what do you think of the furnishin's?"

"They show a great deal of taste," replied Kandor.

"Ah! Think so?"

"Yes, but it's all bad."—Philadelphia Press.

Can't Lose It.

"Of course," said the optimist, "if a man gets into the habit of hunting trouble he's sure to find it."

"Yes," replied the pessimist, "and if he's so lazy that he always tries to avoid it it will find him. So what's the difference?"—Catholic Standard and Times.

Personal Knowledge.

"What do you think, Maud? Cholly Softy has been reading up lately, and he says he agrees with the scientific man who says that plants can think."

"Well, Cholly ought to know. Isn't he a cabbage head?"—Baltimore American.

Where Meals Reside.

Forlorn Freddie (the hobo)—Just think, little girl, I don't know where my next meal is comin' from.

The Little Girl (sympathetically)—Dear me! Ain't there a pantry in your house, poor man?—Puck.

A Bit Fishy, This.

Porpoise—What is the whale blowing about?

Dogfish—Oh, he got so many notices for his feat in swallowing Jonah, he's been blowing ever since.—Boston Transcript.

Authorizing.

"What do you want with the automobile catalogue?"

"I propose to write some dialogue for it, and then it will be a motor novel."—Washington Herald.

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Bad Symptoms.

The woman who has periodical headaches, backache, sees imaginary dark spots or specks floating or dancing before her eyes, has gnawing distress or heavy full feeling in stomach, faint spells, dragging-down feeling in lower abdominal or pelvic region, easily startled or excited, irregular or painful periods, with or without pelvic catarrh, is suffering from weaknesses and derangements that should have early attention. Not all of above symptoms are likely to be present in any case at one time.

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McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 22, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Argument court this week.

—Course tickets are now on sale in all the Smethport drug stores for as fine a list of Institute entertainments as were ever presented in any county in the State.

—Call at one of the drug stores and get a course ticket for the Institute entertainments next week. These tickets entitle you to a reserved seat for four 50c attractions, all for $1.00.

—A mother's meeting will be held in the M. E. chapel Saturday, Oct. 24, to which all mothers and grandmothers are invited. Young mothers are especially invited. Light refreshments will be served, and a pleasant and profitable hour promised. Visitors who are not mothers will be welcome. At 3 o'clock.

—Women should be careful not to wear red when making a visit to the country. Bright red dresses worn by three girls riding in a buggy, near Kilgores Ridge, York county, on Monday, infuriated a bull which Walter Platt was leading along the highway. The animal dashed furiously at the buggy, upset it and all the occupants were thrown out and sustained severe cuts and bruises.

—Prof. Wilson has resigned as principal of the city schools, the same to take effect next Monday. The condition of Mr. Wilson's health has made the action necessary. He will go to Chattanooga and take charge of a Y. M. C. A. gymnasium, of out door work. The resignation is very generally regretted by both people and scholars as he is one of the best organizers and teachers the school has ever had. A successor has not yet been secured by the school board.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—Commissioner F. W. Franke has made a generous offer to his fellow Democrats. In the event of the election of William Jennings Bryan as President, and of this Mr. Franke is confident, he agrees to furnish the ox for a grand Democratic jubilee. He says he has the ox fattening and that he is the kind that will make a delicious roast. This offer was first made public when Congressman Wilson was here some weeks ago and spoke in the court house.—Coudersport Enterprise. If the ox lives until Bryan is elected he will be the oldest inhabitant of Potter county.

—The W. A. Blender farm of 100 acres, located three miles from Nile, N. Y., was sold yesterday through the Herrick Agency of Bolivar, to W. A. Updyke of Mainesburg, Pa., who takes possession Nov. 1. The deal includes stock, crops, tools and 60 acres fine timber.

—The Chautauqua Assembly on Chautauqua Lake was visited by a $150,000 fire early Monday morning. The Colonnade, which was erected two years ago by the Assembly, was destroyed together with several business places. The Colonnade was valued at $50,000 and was insured for $25,000.

—An East Bradford dog, supposed to be suffering from rabies, started up town yesterday on an expedition of injury and snapped at and bit scores of other canines before it tackled an able bodied bull dog in the Third ward. The bull dog gave the East End terror a very complete defeat and rendered it an easy matter for the police to capture the frenzied creature. There was a general scare and many alarming reports. But so far as can be verified no person was bitten. The dog is being held under observation to ascertain if its affliction is hydrophobia or not.—Tuesday's Era.

—Two men and two boys were killed and the Harper nitro-glycerine factory at Kaneville, seven miles north of Oil City, was demolished by an explosion Saturday afternoon. The two men employed in the factory, Peter McGuire and Daniel Feeley, and the latter's sons, Arthur Feeley aged 9 and Carl Feeley aged 8 were instantly killed. About 10 pounds of flesh and bones of the two men was all that could be found. The bodies of the boys were found about 800 feet from the factory with all their bones broken and horribly mangled. They were on their way to meet their father when the explosion occurred. The cause of the explosion is unknown.

At any time when your stomach is not in good condition, you should take Kodol, because Kodol digests all the food you eat, and it supplies health and strength for the stomach in that way. You take Kodol just for one little while, when you have slight attacks of indigestion, and you take it just a little longer in order to get relief from severe attacks of indigestion or Nervous Dyspepsia. Try Kodol to-day. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Tired mothers, worn out by the peevish, cross baby have found Cascarweet a boon and a blessing. Cascarweet is for babies and children, and is especially good for the ills common to hot weather. Look for the ingredients printed on the bottle. Contains no harmful drugs. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

A WOMAN'S DEVOTION

Henry Green Frawley was considered a lucky fellow. Everybody said so and of course everybody was supposed to know. He had plenty of this world's goods, was good looking, young, healthy and engaged to the star debutante of the season, dainty Mildred Wallis.

"Frawley is always in luck," said his college chums. He was popular in athletic circles and won admiration on all sides for his fearless dashes on the field and his skill at bat and oar. He was liked by the ladies, and his tall, finely knit frame and clear skin, combined with marked regularity of feature, earned for him the title of Adonis. He "cut a lot of ice," and yet somehow the boys were not at all jealous, for they thoroughly liked his manliness.

The wedding was to be a June affair in the church, and plans were being discussed, when suddenly the couple decided to marry earlier. Nobody knew why, and "Dame Gossip" manufactured many reasons, but one of them correct, however, and thereby hangs an interesting narrative.

The wedding was a quiet one. Maids and grooms were dispensed with, and the couple disappeared, no one save the Wallis family being informed as to their destination. Matters soon settled down, and what was for awhile a "nine days' wonder" became a matter of local history.

About the same time a certain young man received his degree of M. D. and proceeded to put in some good practice at a celebrated retreat a long distance removed from the home of the Wallis family and the college. His name was John Whidden.

One evening nearly two years later he was attracted by the sweet singing voice of a woman, proceeding from the insane ward. There was something exceedingly pathetic in the lullaby, at the same time soothing and fascinating. It did not sound to his skilled ears like the voice of an insane person, but of one who was suffering an untold grief. It told of the heartbreak, and there was an occasional break in the voice, then a spurt, as if she was summoning up all her courage to go on with the song.

The next day he visited the ward, and there, beside the bed of a hopelessly insane but seemingly vigorous young man, sat a young woman in contrast in every way. She was talking in low, musical tones to the patient and was gazing into his eyes with all her soul begging for recognition. She was not a nurse or attendant, but the faithful little wife a bride of less than two years.

John Whidden approached and gently placed his hand upon her head, with a few comforting words, when she raised her eyes, and he then recognized the face of Mildred Wallis, the once happy girl whom he had loved secretly before Harry Frawley came into the college and captured her.

Bravely he held his love in check, but now that she was in trouble and sorrow it all returned with tenfold energy, and he drew from her the sad story of her sacrifice.

Insanity had been in the Frawley family for generations, but never a symptom came to Harry, and he felt that he would escape the curse.

One evening Mildred, he told Mildred the family secret and urged that the engagement be broken. She trembled but, like the true girl she was and feeling also that his manly vigor and care would keep the enemy at bay, she refused to accept the opportunity to be free and vowed she would share his lot.

A few weeks following the confession he began to show a slight symptom of mental aberration, and, so, at her request, the marriage was hastened, and they went to a distant place amid the hills, hoping for the best.

What a honeymoon for this young couple, he gradually growing more and more insane, she clinging closer and closer, praying to God almost hourly to spare her husband's reason. All in vain!

So it was here that John found them, and here he was compelled to prepare her mind for the worst, for in a few weeks life departed and the once brilliant brain was forever at rest.

The patient's mind cleared a bit toward the last, and he was enabled to recognize the doctor and his faithful little wife. Almost his last words were: "John, for my sake, be everything to Mildred. See that she has a little sunshine to make up for the shadow I have cast upon her path. Promise me you will cherish her, for I can read in your eyes your love, and I am glad. Take her back into the world, and, whatever happens, you have my blessing."

Five years later, on an ocean steamer homeward bound, John and Mildred met. They had corresponded together all that time, and there was a tender link between them—Henry's memory. In the moonlight they spent hours together, and before land was sighted Mildred had given her promise to be John's wife. She was greatly changed and chastened by her great sorrow. But for the strong influence exerted over her by John Whidden's comforting letters and the thought of Harry's dying words her life would have indeed gone out long before. After an illness of some months she was taken to Italy and there remained until restored. She was now returning to the home of her youth, cherished, protected and loved by her truest friend, never more to face her first grief alone, but to begin life anew.—Boston Post.

A Little Shy.

"Money talks."

"But it's still hard to get into conversation with it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Boss Laxative Cough Syrup always brings quick relief to coughs, colds, hoarseness, whooping cough and all bronchial and throat trouble. Mothers especially recommend it for children, as it is pleasant to take. It is gently laxative. Should be in every home. Guaranteed. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Subscribe for the MINER.

FOR THE CHILDREN

National Expansion.

Some patient man has given an additional interest to the much talked of subject of national expansion by figuring out the rate at which the United States has been growing each minute during the past 117 years. He makes it thirty-three acres a minute and this is how he makes his calculation: The original thirteen colonies comprised 55S,070,S00 acres. The Louisiana purchase brought us 745,103,200 acres; the Florida cession, 45,719,S00 acres; the annexation of Texas 175,237,040 acres; the Mexican cession 460,503,840 acres; the purchase of Alaska, 383,046,720 acres, and the acquisition of Porto Rico, Tutuila, the Philippines, Guam and Hawaii, 08,492,100 acres. Now, says this patient and ingenious figurer, there were in the 117 years 61,495,200 minutes, and dividing the number of acres acquired by the number of minutes, we have a fraction more than thirty-three acres a minute. At the same time, he says our population grew at the rate of one inhabitant and one-third a minute. Who says this is not a great country?—Chicago News.

Throwing Light.

This is a guessing game played by any number of persons. Two of the players privately agree on some object and then converse about it without naming it, trying to mystify the rest of the company. This is called "throwing light" on the subject chosen. As soon as one of the others thinks he has guessed it he joins in the conversation and aids in throwing light. If one of the original players thinks from what he says that the guess is not correct he says, "I challenge you," and the guess must be whispered in his ear. If it is incorrect, the guesser must sit with a handkerchief over his face till he is able to "throw light" correctly.

The game goes on thus till only one of the players is left in the dark. It is allowable to choose two words of the same sound, but different meanings and use either meaning at pleasure, so as to make "throwing light" all the more difficult.

The Barbary Horse.

A learned man of England has recently produced historical and scientific evidence showing that north Africa and not Arabia has the honor of originating the thoroughbred. All the finest horses of the world have sprung from the Barbary, and the Barbary horse came from the zebra of northeast Africa or from some closely allied species now extinct. King Solomon, more than four years before the Christian era imported fine horses from Egypt, and Egypt got them from Libya, in Africa. The Arabs conquered north Africa and in doing so got possession of the Barbary horse. But though it thus appears that Arabia is not the original home of the thoroughbred, it is his home now and too much cannot be said in praise of the Arab's intelligent, affectionate care for the noble animal.

Pointed Puns.

What is a good thing to part with? A comb.

What time does beef grow dry? The do-wine.

What is the best way to keep ice from smelling? Cut off their noses.

Why has a chambermaid more days than a cat? Because each morning she turns to dust.

Why is a nice but uncultured girl like brown sugar? Because she is sweet, but unrefined.

Why is a postman in danger of losing his way? Because he is guided by the directions of strangers.

"You're just the man I'm laying for," said the brick mason to the contractor.

Greedy Little Salmon.

Little green ones may be very greedy and yet not be able to eat much because of their size, as was illustrated in New York in the case of a batch of about 20,000 little Chinook salmon that were hatched out at the aquarium recently. These young fishes, each about two inches long, would eat so much that their little stomachs fairly stuck out, and yet to feed the whole 20,000 took daily only one pound of liver and a quart of herring roe, both chopped fine.

Conundrums.

What ship has two mates, but no captain? Courtship.

How did the man die who fell in a barrel of brandy? In good spirits.

What is the difference between stabbing a man and killing a hog? One is assault with intent to kill, the other killing with intent to salt.

Didn't Like That Part.

Jean was a little Canadian girl, and her mother was teaching her the words of "God Save the King." When they came to the words, "Long to reign over us," Jean refused to say them, remarking in pleading tones, "Oh, mamma, I don't want to get all wet!"

Bows and Braids.

When little girls must anywhere are found
With hair cut very short and straight around
And one big bow a-top their tresses caught
You may be sure they've never even thought
Of growing up or longer skirts, although
They may be even eight or nine or so.
It's in the way their hair is done, you know.

When little girls most anywhere we find
With hair all parted down and tied behind
Their ears in two big bow decked braids be sure
They're feeling quite grown up and can't endure
That you should think they still are little. Oh,
Not if they're only five or six or so!
It's in the way their hair is done, you know.

—Youth's Companion.

Kodol is a combination of the natural digestive juices and it digests all classes of food and every kind of food, so you see it will do the work that the stomach itself does. The only difference between it and the stomach is the stomach can get out of order. Buy Kodol to-day. It is guaranteed. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Heart Disease and Sudden Death.

A man rushing to catch a train the other day fell dead. In this instance it is fair to assume that the strain on a weak heart might fairly be held responsible. In view of the fierce competition in life and the undue strain to which the masses of men are subjected it is of the highest importance that people known to be affected with heart disease should exercise the greatest care as to overtaxing their physical strength in view of the danger of sudden death, instances of which are at common today. Inasmuch as few people are aware of having weak hearts, a safe rule for all men over forty is to avoid the perils of haste and undue strain, as in lifting, rushing, etc. Another important factor, many people over forty indulging in excessive eating are in danger of arterio-sclerosis, or hardening of the arteries, which results in sudden death from apoplexy, kidney or heart disease. To sum the matter up, people over forty must limit their table indulgence and avoid sudden and undue haste or strain if desirous of attaining a ripe old age.—New York Herald.

Goldsmith's Actor.

Lord Nugent was one evening very eloquent to Goldsmith in praise of M (a bad actor). "But, my lord," said Goldsmith, "you must allow he treads the stage very ill—he waddles."

"Waddles?" said Lord Nugent.

"Yes, he waddles like a goose. Why you know we call him Goose M. Well and then, you know, when he endeavors to express strong passion he bellows."

"Bellows?" said Lord Nugent.

"To be sure he does—bellows like a bull. Why, we call him Bull M. Well Then," continued Goldsmith, pursuing his triumph, "his voice breaks, and he croaks."

"Croaks?" said Lord Nugent.

"Why, the fellow croaks like a frog. We call him Frog M."

"But M. is a good actor."

"Why—yes," said Goldsmith, "barring the goose and the bull and the frog and a few other things I could mention, and, not wishing to spank it of my neighbors, I will allow M. is a good actor."—Memoirs of the Earl of Nugent.

The Gypsy Life.

"Just as soon as my husband and I have $500 saved up besides our fare we are going back to England," said a woman player. "Then we are going to buy one of those gypsy wagons they have over there. They are so awfully jolly for words, don't you know. They are quite wide, have bunks, a cunning little kitchen and sitting room. You wander through the country all day; then at night you stop, cook your supper, sit under the trees and sleep out in the open in the wagon, just as you choose. Many of my artist and theatrical friends have them and just wander from place to place. It is an ideal way to live, beats houseboats or bungalows. If you have ever slept out in the open and watched the stars over your head you feel smothered in a bedroom. I played through Australia, and we went from place to place in a big wagon, sleeping out of doors at night."—New York Times.

Ballooning Among the Clouds.

It has been my lot to see in aretic regions some hundreds of thousands of feet up close at hand, and I have always believed them to be the most beautiful objects on earth, but the clouds of the sky, close at hand, are almost as beautiful. If you mount above one of these antastic things, swiftly overtopping one by one its folds and wreaths, and if remembering how high it is you look down and see only small green patches of earth through holes in the cloud carpet below, you have a little thrill of conception of how lonely a man would feel falling away down there and not being able to see the spot where he must alight. It is a safe little thrill, however. You know that you are not going to fall. Such dizziness as some persons feel in standing near great heights on the earth is almost unknown in ballooning.—Albert White Vorse in Success Magazine.

PROSPERITY!

The Man who looks ahead.

No man ever saw prosperity ahead of him except through a bank account.

The man who succeeds is the man who looks ahead and plans for the future. He realizes that money is absolutely essential if he intends to be of use in the world. A small sum will open a bank account. A bank account establishes credit. Good credit opens the way to all things prosperous. Open an account with the Grange National Bank to-day and lay the foundation for a fortune.

Grange National Bank of McKean County.

New Fall and Winter Styles in Shoes.

Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent,

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

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BAKED GOODS
TOBACCO
CIGARS

AND FINE CONFECTIONERY

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1no per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday Oct. 22, 1908.

Republican Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT
WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT
of Ohio

FOR VICE PRESIDENT
JAMES S. SHERMAN
of New York

FOR JUDGE OF SUPERIOR COURT
WILLIAM D. PORTER
of Pittsburg

FOR CONGRESS
CAPT. C. F. BARCLAY
of Sinnemahoning

FOR SENATOR
FRANK E. BALDWIN
of Austin

FOR ASSEMBLY
HON. ROBERT P. HABGOOD
of Bradford
HON. JAMES A. McKEAN
of Smethport

FOR SHERIFF
WILLIAM H. MORRISON
of Smethport

FOR PROTHONOTARY
HENRY F. STARSKY
of Smethport

FOR RECORDER
ROMER M. CHOATE
of Smethport

FOR REGISTER OF WILLS
JOHN B. EASTMAN
of Smethport

FOR CLERK OF THE COURTS, ETC.
FRANK R. FOSTER
of Smethport

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY
H. E. MAYO
of Smethport

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER
A. M. MARSH
of Bradford
JOHN A. PETERSON
of Bradford

FOR COUNTY AUDITORS
A. A. ABBEY
of Smethport
ALBERT P. ANDERSON
of Clermont

No one ever regretted voting the straight Republican ticket

A VOTE for McKean and Habgood is a vote for the best interests of McKean county.

MR. BRYAN has practically given up the fight and is now excusing his defeat by claiming that the Republicans are buying Taft's election.

DESPITE the efforts of his attorneys, Harry K. Thaw will remain in the insane asylum. The effort to have him released on a writ of habeas corpus was cleverly blocked recently.

DURING the last session of the legislature our representatives secured about $50,000 in appropriations for McKean county, aside from the regular school and good roads appropriations. That amount looks pretty good to our voters and we hardly think they will vote against receiving a like amount at the next session.

IN Mr. Baldwin's speaking throughout McKean and Potter counties, the fact is more and more developed that he is pledged to no one and is asking votes and gaining friends on his merits alone. He has been asked to state his position on certain questions pertaining to each of the parties, but his answer to all is that he will represent his constituency to the best of his judgment and ability. His opponent is pledged to a line of proceeding which everyone knows he can't accomplish, nor even help to accomplish, whereby Mr. Baldwin may believe in the same purposes but is unpledged. An unpledged Republican representing the principles of the party opposed to a man with a pledged hobby. And let me tell you something about this matter. If ever there is a local option bill passed in a Pennsylvania legislature it won't originate in the Democratic party. You must look to the Republican party for local option. So writes Editor Layman of the Port Allegany Reporter.

ONE is led to believe from reading some of our Democratic exchanges that the election of Messrs. Hilton and Shaw to the legislature would put an immediate stop to the sale and use of all intoxicating liquors in this county and make McKean county a veritable garden of Eden, but, we are sorry to say, this is not the case. The election of either or both of these gentlemen might be the means of giving us local option, but the probability is very slight, while on the other hand, one at least of these candidates admits that he would not be able to get much good legislation which our present legislators have got in the past and will be able to get in the future for this county. Again if they should be the means of passing the local option bill, what would it amount to? Simply this: It would force every man interested in the liquor business to enter into politics as they have never entered before to protect their property and you all know what the result would be, for there are only two alternatives—the same licensed places we have now only under less rigid restrictions or no license and pigs ears galore. Pleasant, isn't it?

If you are hiring a man to work for you as an individual, you would pick out the best men for the various positions you wanted to fill, regardless of their political leanings. When you pick out the men to serve you in the various places to be filled on Tuesday, November 3, why not use the same sound business judgment as you would in private affairs? Look the candidates over carefully and pick out those you would prefer for similar positions in your own private enterprises. Do not let any petty spite or political prejudice bias your judgment, but select the men whom you honestly think will fill those positions to the best interests of yourself and your neighbors. If you follow this advice you will never regret it, and we think you will vote the straight Republican ticket. As President Theodore Roosevelt has served you well, and therefore you will accept his choice, William H. Taft. In Congress Charles F. Barclay has done his work well and you will not remove him. In the State Senate you will naturally select the man with the broadest mind, greatest ability and the man of action, Frank E. Baldwin. In the Legislature, Messrs. James A. McKean and Robert P. Habgood have served you faithfully, doing more for you and your county than any two men you have sent down to Harrisburg in many years and men who will do even more next year, and you would hardly discharge them and put in their places, two men who lack experience and admit (one at least) that they could not do as much for the county as those they wish to succeed. For sheriff, William H. Morrison is a man of unusual ability and experience and admittedly the best all around man for the position. For prothonotary, H. F. Starsky has no equal in experience, ability or energy. Everybody admits that there is not a man in the county who could fill H. M. Choate's shoes in the Recorder's office. As Register of Wills and Clerk of the Orphan's court, John B. Eastman possesses all the qualifications from ability to being one of the most obliging men in McKean county. Harry H. Mayo as District Attorney has made a record which leaves no room for question about he being the best man for the place. In the selection of County Commissioners, John A. Peterson and A. M. Marsh weigh well in the balance and it is up to the Democrats to decide between John P. Devlin and W. A. Oviatt. For County Auditors, A. A. Abbey and A. R. Anderson are excellent men for the place and A. B. Coby and James M. Finch their opponents.

Valley Grange, No. 1190.

(H. D. Otto, Secretary.)

The attendance at our Grange last Saturday evening was not large many of the members being employed night and day and night. Those who were present at the meeting had a good time and the program selected by our worthy lecturer, Martha Beckwith, was interesting, as it always is, and consisted of the following questions:

1st. Do physical culture exercises develop the body better than general field or housework on a farm?

2nd. Would you advise a young person to mortgage the future by borrowing money to go to college?

3rd. Is the present method of receiving pay for sheep killed by dogs the best, and does the farmer ever get full value for damage done?

Discussion followed each question in their order, also many suggestions were made for the good of the order.

The program for Saturday evening, Oct. 24, is as follows:

Song by Grange.

Roll call and response.

Lessons and ideas gained during the past summer.

Music—Sister Mary Steinhauer.

Recitation—Bro. Wesley Roeder.

Question—If our boys and girls can only have a limited amount of schooling beyond the district school, which shall it be—a short course in our State College, a high school, or a normal course?

Recitation—Bro. Glenn Stull.

Publicity.

Legislators are to be hired Nov. 3rd. Voters do the hiring and they and their families must take the consequences of a bad choice. It seems to me that no candidate would be hired who does not clearly inform the public how he stands on pressing public questions pertinent to his office. Past record is a good answer to many questions. Personal character is a good indication of action on the unforeseen. But untried men ought surely to declare their attitude on the prominent issues which will be presented to them for settlement. This year the Temperance question has found public utterance and must be answered. To three successive legislatures has a Local Option bill been presented. At each it has been smothered. Legislators who had looked wise and pomposaly promised "to regard the wishes of their constituents," have proven cowardly or deliberately deceitful. Little wonder that those who toadied to the liquor interests in order to secure nominations, or who feared them to much to declare themselves publicly before election, should prove subservient or quail before them during the session. It is in the House and Senate that the [illegible]

Samuel Major Seibert who holds the Democratic Senatorial nomination, in touring the eastern part of my county, reiterates from the platform his published implications that my course in the Senate will be influenced by my banking interests and my corporate exemptions from local taxation. It is proper for me to state that I have no banking interests whatever; and that any responsible person can have the net earnings of my railroad for the last ten years in exchange for the taxes paid on them during that time. My brick companies' partnership and individual interests are taxed locally. My gas and water companies are the only profitable corporations exempt from local taxation and the consuming public receive the full benefit of the exemption.

ELISHA KENT KANE.

DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve is recommended as the best thing to use for piles. It is, of course, good for anything where a salve is needed. Beware of imitations. Sold by E. K. Hogarth.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little liver pills. They are small, sure safe pills. Sold by E. K. Hogarth.

125 Acre Farm in West Almond For Only $1,900.

Productive farm of 125 acres, located one-half mile from West Almond, N. Y., on R. F. D. Land is smooth, 100 acres cleared, 25 acres hardwood timber. Watered by springs, good sugar bush, fair fences, small orchard. Seven-room house in fair repair; three fair barns. One-half mile to cheese factory, one-half mile to school, four miles to railroad. Mowing machine, rake, plow and drag. Possession at once. Price $1,900. Terms $500 cash, balance $100 a year and interest. Write or telephone.

HERRICK AGENCY,
Bolivar, N. Y.
We Bring Buyer and Seller Together.

FAMILY FAVORITE
ILLUMINATING
OIL

makes the light that rests the eyes. Nearest approach to natural sunlight known.

Most economical too—burns to the very last drop without readjustment. Does not char, smoke or smell. Clear, water-white, free from sediment. Not to be compared with ordinary tank wagon oil.

Your dealer is sure to serve you out of [illegible] When you have the purest, best lamp oil made.

WAVERLY OIL WORKS CO.,
Independent Refiners
PITTSBURG, - PA.
Also makers of Waverly Special Auto Oil and Waverly Gasolines.

BURDICK & SARTWELL
PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

STEP INTO OUR
TAILORING DEPARTMENT

for a few moments, we want to show you what's new in Suitings and Overcoatings. We have many handsome patterns confined to us for this locality. Woolens can't be described on paper, they must be seen to be appreciated.

Our Hobby

is to please you, satisfy you and become your Permanent Tailors.

Suits for Young Men.

Here are the new ideas—Suits of nobby, snappy cloths, square shoulders, and cut just the right length. If you want to know what's going to be wore, come in and take a look at them, it won't cost you anything. Besides we like to show these suits to our young friends.

H. W. RUBIN
The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE
FOR SALE.

I will sell a greater part of my Household Furniture at great borgains on account of leaving this place.

I. ODESSER,
East Smethport, - Pa.

Buffalo's Great Popular Department Store,
460-470 Main Street.

H. A. MELDRUM CO.

We Open the New Fall Suits for Women

With two offers never before equaled in Buffalo—or anywhere else. We will fill your mail order—or if you come here in person, we refund your railroad fare under the conditions of the Retail Merchants' Board.

Fashionable Man-tailored Suits of Broadcloth, Cheviot and Striped Worsteds—three-quarter semi-fitted coats, double or single breasted, lined entirely with soft satin—full-flaring skirt with wide fold. Choice of green, brown, wine, grey and black $15.00

Beautifully Tailored Suits of Striped Worsted or Broadcloth—coat 36 inches long, lined with guaranteed satin, and trimmed with tailored straps of same material—notched collar and turnback cuffs. The full-flaring skirt has self-folds. Choice of all the newest shades $19.75

This month we are selling the Rug Stock of a big Department Store which we bought under price. Save a heap of money on your New Rug!

Join Our Fall Piano Club!

Get a $275.00 Piano for $195.00—pay $5.00 down and $1.00 weekly—and besides we give your son or daughter a course of 20 Free Lessons in the Celebrated (Buffalo) Elmwood Conservatory of Music.

H. A. Meldrum Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Marlin

A 6½ lb. field gun, light, strong, hard hitting, true, that's the Marlin Model 16 Repeating Shotgun, the best 16 gauge repeating gun ever manufactured.

For quail and pheasant shooting, woodcock, squirrels, rabbits and other field game you'll find the Marlin Model 16 without a peer.

Equipped, like the famous Marlin Model 19, with the Marlin solid top, and the Marlin closed-in breech bolt, which shuts out the sand, rain, sleet and snow from the action, having the Marlin side ejection and the beautiful Marlin balance, this gun is a standard in construction, assembling and quick response to the touch of the trigger. Have your dealer show it.

There's a full description of all Marlin repeaters, rifles and shot-guns, and lots of valuable information for all gun-lovers in the "Marlin Book" just issued. 136 pages with a handsome art cover. It's FREE for 3 stamps postage.

The Marlin Firearms Co.,
42 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St. W. H. Hungerford, SMETHPORT

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits,	$208,000.00
Resources about	$900,000.00

This Bank

Conducts a General Banking business.
Pays interest on time deposits.
Acts as trustee, transfer agent, administrator, executor or guardian of estates.
Issues drafts payable at all parts of the world.
Solicits your business; no account too small, no transaction too large.

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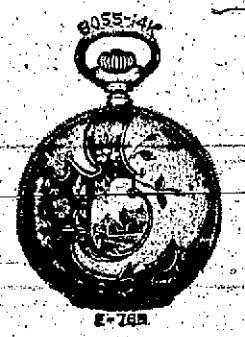
White Diamond Flour

It makes Good Bread.
Try it and be Convinced.

J. Colegrove,
Grocer,
Smethport, Pa.



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We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

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Main St. - Smethport

Sole Agents for
Thornton & Chester's Best Flour

Oscar Engstrom.

The Lindholm Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

That New Fall Suit will soon be wanted and we are ready to serve you with the new ones; neat, dressy and up-to-date.

Ask to seen them and you must admire. Priced to to please you too.

$25.00 to $40.00.

PATRICIAN Shoe for Women

The new Patrician models in fall footwear are ready for your inspection and will more than please you. Perfect fit, longest wear, ease and comfort.

$3.50 and $4.00.

Style No. 31
Gun Metal, Button, Welt Sole. A Shoe for service.
$3.50

Style No. 30
Pat. Vamp, Gibson Hand Turned. For dress wear.
$4.00

Many other styles in Black, Tan, Brown and Ox Blood, in regular height and the high wave top boots.

DALY & GARLICK

As the hunting season is now open you will need a good Gun, either in a double or single barrel. A little ammunition too. We carry the Winchester shells.

Daly & Garlick.

HAMILTON BLOCK

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 22, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Miss Marjorie Pierce of East Smethport is ill with typhoid fever.

—A number of children are confined to their homes with chicken pox.

—A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Archie Malcolm Saturday, October 17.

—Mrs. W. S. Palmer entertained a few ladies at her home Tuesday evening.

—Mrs. Robert Hamilton entertained the Bridge Whist club at her home last evening.

—Mrs. J. W. Ley and daughter are confined to their home on King street suffering from diphtheria.

—The Rev H. A. Reed of Port Allegany and the Rev. W. A. Harris exchanged pulpits last Sunday.

—Three traveling musicians entertained a crowd of appreciative listeners with some fine music Wednesday.

—Do not forget the dance at the Lyceum Saturday night. Good music and a good time is assured all who attend.

—Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Berkwater welcomed a daughter at their home Sunday, October 11th.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

—Mrs. E. R. Mayo is suffering from a sprained wrist caused by a fall on West Main street where the walks are torn up for the pavement.

—A rousing Republican mass meeting was held at Mt. Alton on Monday evening. The attendance was very large and there was much enthusiasm. The speakers of the evening were County Chairman F. D. Gallup, Rev. M. H. Houghton and R. P. Halstead.

—The MINER pleads "not guilty" to the charge of printing the posters for the Republican mass meeting held at the court house Tuesday evening.

—A. Crosby, correspondent sent in some interesting items last week, but they reached us so late that we were obliged to leave them out. Come again.

—The Travellers' Club will serve tea at their club rooms alternate Saturdays beginning Saturday, Oct. 24, from 3 to 5 o'clock. All are most cordially invited to be present. Refreshments 10 cents.

—The Catholic ladies will give a hot chicken supper in their dining parlor in the basement of St. Elizabeth's church on Thursday evening, Oct. 29, from 5:30 till all are served. Price per plate 25 cents. All are invited.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. Subject of sermons: "Overcoming Obstacles," and "Forgiveness of Sins". Service and Sunday School at East Smethport at 2:30 p. m.

—"Coudersport is a city," says an Enterprise headline. But the article that follows simply discloses the fact that that enterprising borough has free mail delivery. Coudersport is a hustling town but it will be some time before it is a real city.

—William Fuller met with a painful accident yesterday morning. He was tarring the roof of the creamery and upon glancing at the heating tar below he discovered that the flames were getting dangerously close to the building. He hurried to the ground and grabbed the pot of tar and in pulling it away from the building it slopped completely covering his face. Blinded, he was led to Dr. Clark's office where he was given medical attention. After the tar was removed it was found that his burns were slight and no permanent injury was done to his eyes.

—Miss Elfreda Carroll left Tuesday evening for Spencer, Nebraska, where she has a position as teacher. The Springs will be well represented at Spencer, this making five young ladies who have gone from here this fall to teach school in that locality.—Cambridge Springs News.

—The advertising for the Institute entertainments is out, and Supt. Bayle is to be congratulated on the fine list of attractions to be presented. Notwithstanding that the series of concerts and lecture cost more than has ever been paid for previous institutes, the course tickets will be sold for $1.00.

—"The Devil," which will be presented at the Lyceum on Friday of next week, is receiving so many highly complimentary notices in this vicinity that we feel perfectly safe in advising our readers to see it without fail. The Olean papers speak of it as the very best theatrical attraction that has ever visited that city.

—On Saturday the Backus Novelty Co. sent its first consignment of coat, hat and umbrella locks to England. The consignment which was quite a large one was sent to their agents, Medcalfe & Co., Audrey House, Ely Place, Holborn, London, E. C. This parcel checking system is becoming popular all over the world.

—"Hooligan's Troubles" at the Lyceum Monday night were nothing compared with the troubles of the small audience that had to sit through the three painful acts produced by this aggregation of alleged fun-makers. It speaks well for the breeding and forbearance of Smethport theatre-goers when they can stand such a performance without a groan.

—The Standard Bearers and the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society met with Mrs. Harris on Tuesday evening. Papers were given on Mohammedism and the Koran. Miss Flossie Freeman and Mrs. Stubenrauch gave solos. The Missionary Society elected the following officers: President, Mrs. Harris; vice president, Carrie Day; secretary, Mabel Day; treasurer, Mrs. Nell.

—Miss Eva Terwilliger and Mr. Fred Osborne were united in marriage by Rev. W. A. Harris at the M. E. parsonage on Wednesday evening, October 21, 1908. The couple were attended by Miss Kathryn Morey and Mark Schoonmaker. Both are popular Smethport young people and their many friends wish them a long life of wedded bliss. They will make their home in East Smethport for the present.

—Ross B. Rayner Walters, a former Smethport young man, and Miss Mary Grace E. Vincent of Mainstee, Mich., were united in marriage in that city on Thursday, Oct. 15, 1908. Ray, as he is familiarly known by his many friends here, has been a resident of Mainstee for several years and the happy couple will reside in that city. The MINER and a host of friends wish them a long and blissful married life.

—The spring meeting under the direction of the McKean County Local Option League, which was announced for the court house on Sunday evening, will be held later—some time next week it is probable. As a result of this change the Rev. Newmann Matthews of Kane and the Rev. W. A. Harris will not exchange pulpits next Sunday as was announced. Mr. Harris will be in his own pulpit both morning and evening next Sunday.

—On November 21 the monument erected on the battle-field of Monocacy to commemorate the services of the 87th 87th and 138th regiments Pennsylvania volunteers, during the civil war, will be dedicated, and Governor Stuart will issue transportation to all members of the regiments named. The applications for tickets should be filed not later than November 12. Blanks for this purpose may be had by writing to Thomas J. Stewart, adjutant general Harrisburg.

—"A Trip to India" was presented at the Lyceum last Friday night by the Herald Square Opera Co., of which Charles Pickette, formerly of Port Allegany, is the manager. This company is composed of real artists in the leading roles and one of the best choruses, considering number, that it has been our good fortune to hear. Every voice was well trained and harmonized perfectly. The comparatively small audience was well pleased with the production, and it is only to be regretted that it did not receive better patronage.

—The most important announcement for the coming theatrical season is that of Manager John Clark who assures us that by arrangement with Mr. Henry W. Savage, Mr. Alfred E. Aarons will present at the Lyceum Theatre on Friday, Oct. 30, the only authorized version of Franz Molnar's Continental success, "The Devil" (Der Teufel). Mr. Aarons promises the production exactly as presented at the Garden Theatre, New York, where its appearance created almost a panic in the rush for admission on the opening night. Five hours after the opening of the seat sale the entire house was sold out for the first as well as many of the succeeding nights.

—Miss Edna H., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stan C. Townsend, formerly of this borough, and Mr. Thomas Cox, of Lancaster, Ohio, were united in marriage at the home of the bride's parents in Lancaster, to-day, Thursday, Oct. 22, 1908, in the presence of a few of their nearest relatives and friends. After a brief honeymoon trip in the West they will make their home in Lancaster. The bride spent her girlhood days in Smethport and her kind, pleasant, lovable disposition made her a host of very dear friends here who wish her a long life of pure, unalloyed happiness. The writer is well acquainted with the groom and knows him to be an able young man and one of the best of fellows.

Personal Mention.

Leo Koenig of Eldred was in town Saturday.

A. D. Doyle of Robison, Ill., was in town Monday.

Walter Brenaman had business in Kane Monday.

Miss Sylvia Lawrence passed Sunday with friends at Olean.

Mrs. G. W. King is in Buffalo this week the guest of friends.

Guy B. Mayo had business in Bradford the first of the week.

Miss Gretchen Gifford was at Port Allegany the first of the week.

Lee Terwilliger, John Holcomb and Wm. Statler returned Saturday.

Homer Thomas left Monday on an extended trip to Tuolumne, California.

Howard Acker is visiting in Panxsutawney, the guest of Miss Leona Tweed.

C. B. Russell of Coudersport was a pleasant caller at this office this morning.

Mrs. O. J. Hamlin left to-day for an extended visit with relatives in Geneva, N. Y.

Miss Dolores Doyle of Ambridge, Pa., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Allan Park.

Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Rothfield drove to Buffalo Saturday returning home on Monday.

Col. M. M. Gillette returned yesterday from a visit to Ohio and other western points.

Miss Vera Freeman returned home Monday from a short visit with Bradford friends.

Misses Margaret Koenig and Bessie Engstrom were calling on friends in Eldred Wednesday.

Mrs. Freda Ogilvie of Eldred attended the funeral of her cousin, Mrs. John Morrison, Wednesday.

A. M. Boardman, ex county commissioner, of Bradford was a business visitor in town on Monday.

Clarence Henderson, who has been in California for the past two years, is visiting friends in this vicinity.

Mrs. H. H. Hatfield, Mrs. W. L. Humbar and Mrs. E. T. Newman are spending a few days in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Jos. McCarty and daughter of Pittsburg are the guests of Mr. McCarty's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. McCarty.

Miss Beulah Hyde returned Friday from Port Allegany where she has been for the past two weeks the guest of her sister, Mrs. Gordon Studholme.

E. W. Workley and Charles McVean left Tuesday for York to attend the funeral of Mr. McVean's and Mrs. Workley's sister who died at that place on Tuesday. Mrs. Workley will return home with them the latter part of the week.

Otto Engstrom and his sister-in-law, Ida Spoonburg, returned last Friday from a visit of about four months to Sweden. Miss Judeth Spoonburg returned to America with them. They report a pleasant voyage and a highly enjoyable time in their native land.

Hands cracked and bruised from husking, skin diseases, tan freckles, cuts relieved at once with Pinenlves Carbolized Salve like a poultice. Draws out inflammation. Price 25c. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Lost.

A lady's breast pin, set with pearls and small diamonds. Finder will be liberally rewarded by returning to this office.

I am prepared to do Manicuring, Shampooing and Facial Massage at residence. Alberta Sturdevant.

The drug store formerly owned by L. K. Hogarth has been thoroughly renovated and an entire new stock of

Drugs, Medicines, Rubber Goods, Trusses, Toilet Articles, Stationery, Candy and Cigars

has been put in. Call and inspect so when in need of pure, fresh goods you will know where to get them.

A. B. Armstrong

Wm. MONHEIMER'S

OUR BOYS

need clothes and other wearables.

We've got 'em!!

You'd be surprised what a good suit you could get here at $3.00, $3.50 and up to $6.00. Ours are real good suits made of honest material. Also good Shoes, Caps, Sweaters and everything else a boy wears. For the next 2 weeks we offer you boys' Shoes for $1.25 and $1.50 they were $1.75 and $2.

WM. MONHEIMER.

Home Journal Patterns — Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES

Louis XIV Ruff

Furs for 1908-9

The new Fur Styles are ready for you to-day. Skins employed are much the same as last season, with Lynx, Poney and Squirrel increasing in favor.

The large Rug Muff we are sure will please you, being both attractive and comfortable.

The Louis XIV Ruff is a style fresh from Paris and is creating much interest and favorable comment.

There isn't much use trying to describe our stock, you'll have to see them and try them on to appreciate this opportunity to purchase reliable furs at low prices.

Scarfs, $1.50 to $37.50
Muffs, $2.75 to $18.00
Coats, $25.00 to $75.00

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamped on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

PRICES RIGHT!

—ON OUR—

Bacon and Hams. Also Summer Sausage, Dried Beef, Corned Beef and Roast Beef.

G. W. BRENNAN,

THE CASH GROCER.

McCoy's Drug Store

IF IT'S

Drugs, Druggist Sundries, Stationery, Books, Candy or Cigars you are looking for We can supply you.

McCoy's Drug Store

COFFEE'S.

Java,	35c lb	Mocha & Java,	35c lb
White House,	35c lb	Veteran Brand,	30c lb
Our Own Blend,	28c lb	Brighton Blend,	25c lb
Blue Ribbon,	25c lb	Faxon's Brand,	25c lb
Admiral,	22c lb	Rio,	20c lb

Arbuckles, 18c lb

AT

ANDORFER & LYLE'S

STATIONERY

One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family reciepes. Bring them here and get the best.

H. C. WELLS.

The Proving.

By GRANT OWEN.

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"I don't just know how to explain it," said Margaret West.

She turned her eyes from the cool, blue stretches of the lake and looked thoughtfully at Graham, who, perched on the rail of the boathouse, was absently pulling at the fingers of the gauntlets in his hands.

The young man stiffened, and a slow smile, in which there was a hint of grimness, curved the corners of his mouth.

"I rather think I understand," he said quietly. "You are disappointed in me. Isn't that it?"

She was silent for a moment.

"Yes, that is it," she said at length, and at something in her voice his face hardened.

"Then you wanted me to enter that road race Thursday?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, simply.

"And because I won't"—

She turned to him quickly.

"It isn't that I'm tremendously interested in that race," she interrupted him, "nor that I care a snap whether or not—you win it. The point is—the point is"—

She paused; her brows drew together in a little frown; her fingers toyed nervously with a bit of wisteria she had broken from the vine that covered the porch.

"I wanted you to be in it—to go over the course. That would be sufficient," she finished.

"I see," he said. "You wanted me to disprove these stories that are going the rounds about my lack of nerve, is that it?"

"Yes," she said again.

He drew himself up. His shoulders were squared. His attitude was that of a man summoning to his aid all his moral courage.

"The stories they have told you are quite correct," he said, somewhat huskily.

"Oh!" she said, and in her voice there was something of pain and something, too, of weariness, as if she had been expecting this very thing and yet was unwilling, even in the preparedness, to hear it.

"They are perfectly right in what they say of me," he went on calmly. "I have lost my nerve. There's nothing would induce me to take up road racing again."

"Nothing?" she questioned.

"Nothing," he repeated impressively. "I am not in the habit of offering an explanation of any character for my position in the matter. But I would like you to know the circumstances. Would you care to listen to them?"

"If you choose to tell me," she said coldly.

"You remember that race three years ago over the Meadow Island course?" said he. "Well, it was then it happened. Stanley was with me. He and I had a good lead. We were tearing past the curve at the old church, letting out the car for all there was in her. As we swung that turn I saw a child just in front of us not twenty feet away, it seemed.

"How she got past the guns that held the crowd back I can't say, but there she was right in the course and not a ghost of a show apparently of escaping us. I don't know to this day what saved her. I only know there was a great gasping sigh from Stanley and a groan from the crowd. I tried to swing out for her, but there was so little time. Anyway, it was some sort of a special Providence that saved her. We shot past her, so close that I shut my eyes."

The girl saw a nervous tremor shake the big shoulders. Her eyes narrowed.

"But the child wasn't hurt, you say?" she asked.

"Not in the least. But those few seconds were enough for me. I couldn't stand them again. That is why I am out of the game—a quitter, if you choose to put it that way."

The girl said nothing. She sat looking out at the sparkling lake with troubled eyes.

At length Graham arose.

"I don't blame you in the least for thinking of me as you do," said he, "nor for being disappointed. Goodby."

He slid from the rail and went down the steps to the big road car standing in the driveway. He had pulled on his gauntlets and was just climbing into the car when around the corner of the boathouse came a wild eyed, dishevelled gardener from one of the houses down the street.

"Mr. Graham, sir," he panted, "will you be gettin' the doctor, quick!. Tim Comley's fell from the stagin' on the stables where they're paintin' an' he's hurted bad, sir. 'Tis dead he'll be in ten minutes if the doctor's not fetched before that. Hurry! For God's sake, hurry!"

"I'll have him here in five," Graham called, and opened up the big car.

It sprang forward like a thing alive and went tearing down the driveway in a great cloud of dust.

Margaret, who had run to the edge of the veranda, saw him swing into the roadway beyond, and the drifting dust which rose high above the poplars told of the terrific pace he was setting.

It was four minutes later, after a nervous pacing of the veranda, that she heard the whir of the approaching car again. She ran down the steps and hurried along the drive to the roadway. Up the hill, with honking horn, came a dull, black streak. She could see Graham bending low over the steering wheel and the doctor, hatless and begrimed with dust, clinging desperately to the seat beside him.

Then out of the crossroad just below where she stood and directly in the path of the coming cyclone came a rattling farm wagon, driven by old Mrs. Clark, who was as deaf as a post. The girl covered her eyes and screamed. There were a wild yell, the sound of splintered wood and a terrible grinding crash.

When Margaret looked again the wagon alone was in the road. The automobile, turned on its side, lay against the shattered fence. In the field beyond lay two huddled figures.

In a moment the girl was running in that direction with all the speed she could summon. As she reached the scene of the accident one of the two figures scrambled limply to his feet. The other painfully propped itself upon an elbow. Then she saw that the man who stood erect was the doctor.

Even as she came running into the field she heard Graham's voice, rather faint, it is true, but perfectly calm.

"How badly are you hurt, doc?" I inquired.

"Only a bit," was the response; "a few bruises and a scratch or two."

"Then get up to the Copley place as fast as you can."

"But you?" the doctor demurred.

"I'm all right. Never mind me. I'll be fresh as a lark when you get back. Hurry on now."

Margaret ran to his side and, kneeling down, began to wipe the blood from his face. Already the doctor was making a hurried examination, while Graham fumed and fretted and bade him hurry to Tim Comley.

"There!" said the doctor at length. "Pretty badly smashed up, but we're lucky, both of us, to get out of it as well as we did. Talk about your nerve. By Jove, the way he swung that car out of the way was magnificent. Never a thought for himself—nor me either I'm convinced," he ended.

He pulled a roll of bandages from his case and handed them to the girl. "Just do up his head and stop the flow of blood as best you can, if you will, Miss West," he commanded. "I'll go up to Copley's and fix Tim up. Then I'll come back here and set Graham's fractures."

He went limping up the road, and the girl bent closer to Graham.

"It was splendid!" she cried, her eyes shining.

"That?" said Graham. "Oh, that was nothing. I had to do that, you see. I was a question of killing the old lady or getting a bit banged up myself."

Her face was very close to his. Something warm and moist struck his cheek.

"Those wicked stories they told about you"—she began.

"They're true!" he declared. "I have lost my nerve. I couldn't go into road race or any race. This was different, you see. This was something that had to be done."

Two warm lips were pressed to his grimy, blood stained forehead.

"Had to be done!" she repeated impulsively. "Oh, you ridiculous simple boy!"

The doctor, limping back a few moments later, discreetly screened himself behind a tree.

"There are times it is better to wait before reducing fractures," he mollified.

Chair Hitching.

"The chair hitcher," says a business man, "is the greatest nuisance that an office man is compelled to endure.

"The hitcher is always deeply interested in the matter he has come to talk over, and the more he talks the closer he draws his chair, and with every additional point he makes he gives his chair another hitch in your direction, and by the time he has fully entered on his subject he has his feet on the rounds of your chair, his elbow on your desk and is dropping the ashes from his cigar on your coat sleeve. It would be just as easy for him to make his speech or preach his sermon three or four feet away, but he never learns that fact and damages his own cause by dragging his chair over your carpet and pulling his breath in your face.

"I know one office man in town who got so tired of having cigar ashes on his clothes and smoke poured into his face that he called a carpenter, took the rollers off one chair, placed it in a convenient position at the end of his desk, then had the man nail it to the floor. But it didn't do a particle of good. The first hitcher that came in was a big strong 200 pounder, who began his talk and, growing earnest, just pulled the chair up by the roots, dragged it toward the desk and never noticed that anything was wrong."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"Bogies" in Business.

The successful business man played with the quaint amulet suspended from his watch chain.

"You'd be surprised if you knew what a part superstition plays in business," he said. "I know two partners who are very lucky in their speculations. Well, they never made a single plunge without consulting a certain medium as to their chances of success.

"Another man once told me he had a 'familiar spirit' whom he consulted quite frequently and whose advice he had always found reliable.

"One of the most daring manipulators in stock has a fine tiger skin spread as a rug on his study floor. In an expansive moment he once informed a friend that not only did he seek advice from clairvoyants and spiritualists, but when about to carry out one of his bold schemes he would lie on his rug and stroke the paw to get influence, though why and how this plan works I don't know."—London Throne.

Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup is used nearly everywhere, Because it not only heals irritation of the throat and stops the cough, but it drives the cold out of the system through its laxative principle by assuring a free and gentle action on the bowels, and that is the way to cure a cold. You can't cure it as long as you are constipated. Insist upon Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

PEOPLE OF THE DAY

Uncle Joe's Opponent.

Henry C. Bell, Democratic opponent of Speaker Cannon in the Eighteenth Illinois district, is making his second race for congress against Uncle Joe. The first contest was in 1902, Mr. Bell running as a prohibitionist.

Mr. Bell is a native of Illinois, a lawyer by profession and the present mayor of Mt. Carmel. During the Civil war he was chief clerk in the provost marshal's office at Mt. Carmel, and he was also one of the executive officers of the pension bureau, holding that office during Harrison's term. In 1897 he was

HENRY C. BELL.

made deputy commissioner of pensions, resigning when McKinley was inaugurated.

In October, 1864, when still under sixteen years of age, Mr. Bell enlisted in the Twenty-ninth Indiana infantry. He participated in the Sherman and Hood campaigns. Mr. Bell is a forceful speaker and has been on the stump for his party in every national campaign since 1868.

Life Saver's Reward.

John K. Lloyd, the noted life saver of Long Branch, related some of his life saving experiences at a complimentary dinner.

"I have had dealings with very generous men," said the veteran hero, "and I have had dealings with very mean men.

"Once on a January day in Philadelphia a man who was recovering from a debauch fell from one of the Delaware piers into the cold, wet river.

"Slipping off my overcoat, I plunged in after him. I fished him up from the bottom. He was unconscious, but I managed to get him to a hot cold rake of ice, and on this rake of ice I supported the pair of us till help arrived.

"Well, I had saved the man's life, and he said he was grateful.

"'I love,' young fellow,' said he, 'there's a half dollar. You saved my life, and you ought to be glad through. Go and get yourself a pint of whisky.'

"But I handed him a quarter back.

"'No, no,' I said; 'a half belongs to your betters. You've overvalued yourself.'"

The Lottery.

Professor Robert Herrick of the University of Chicago, whose recent criticisms of America men and women have very strangely brought him more prominence than his brilliant and powerful novels, was one of the speech makers at a recent Chicago wedding.

"I am not going to congratulate this young married pair," Professor Herrick said in the course of his speech, "as it would be as absurd to offer congratulations on the day of marriage quite as absurd as it would be to congratulate a man on having drawn a lottery ticket before you know whether it is a prize or a blank."

Vermont's New Governor.

The new chief executive of Vermont, George H. Prouty of Newport, bears the distinction of being the first of the full crop of governors to be inducted into office. Contrary to the custom prevailing in most states, Vermont begins its legislative year in October.

Governor Prouty, though still a young man, has been a prominent figure in Green Mountain State politics for many years. He began his political career as a member of the lower house of the state legislature twelve years ago. A few years later he was elected a state senator and in 1900 was chosen lieutenant governor. So in regular progression he has ascended to the gubernatorial chair.

The new governor is extensively engaged in the lumber business and is the proprietor of several sawmills in Newport and neighboring towns.

GEORGE H. PROUTY.

Novelty Restaurant.

New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars

THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

Kitty, Sam and the Peacemaker.

By COLIN S. COLLINS.

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When it has been "Sam" and "Kitty" from babyhood it is rather difficult to pass suddenly to the "Mr. Hastings" and "Miss Norwood" stage. Both Sam and Kitty felt the strain, though each took mental obligation to do nothing that in any way might be construed into an overture of friendship.

It had all started innocently enough. Kitty on her way to the postoffice encountered Jim Saunders. She regarded Saunders as a persistent pest, but she could not very well refuse his suggestion that they stop in at the drug store and have a glass of soda.

Then it happened that they turned into Belding street in animated conversation, and Sam could not know they had met just around the corner.

Of all the summer visitors to Auburnville Sam disliked Saunders, the most, and Kitty knew it. It looked to him as though she had deliberately accepted Saunders' attentions to punish him for a trivial quarrel of the night before.

Kitty was just finishing the last tiny lump of ice cream from the bottom of the tall glass when Sam entered the store with Belle Paulding, Kitty's dearest enemy.

He had bowed stiffly in salutation, and Kitty had responded with a "Good morning, Mr. Hastings," emphasizing the name as sweetly and as coldly as the frozen delicacy she had just consumed.

That had been the start of the trouble, but the end had been slow in coming. That afternoon Kitty went motoring with Saunders, though she hated motor cars, and Belle went buggy riding with Sam to punish Saunders for his imagined disloyalty.

Saunders and Miss Paulding had quickly patched their quarrel up, but Kitty was unyielding, and there was a sparseness to Sam's calls that did not argue in favor of pliability of personality.

With commendable politeness each strove to show the other how little it mattered, but Kitty cried herself to sleep night after night, and Sam swore softly but fervently at what he was pleased to term the foolishness of womankind.

So matters stood when the excursion of the Auburnville cornet band was announced. The boys needed new uniforms, and Dick Potts had promised to leave the euphonium if they would get them.

All public spirited citizens purchased tickets. Sam bought two, through force of habit and then foolishly bore them scholarly the hand profiled another 50 cents, for Sam was determined to go on that excursion if only to show that he could go without Kitty.

He had never gone on an excursion alone with Kitty, when Kitty was speaking a word with her aunt over in Cadwell's, and he had had a miserable time. Now he did not look for enjoyment, but Kitty shouldn't think he could not go alone if he wanted to.

Much the same sentiment animated Kitty, though she arranged to go with a married sister, and it so happened that they passed over the gangplank together, with the formal greeting that was now customary.

The plank was held on Paddle Island, out in the lake a favorite picnic ground. A narrow strip of land connected two rough and rocky acres that by an abuse of the imagination might be called a peninsula or public. Bobby Sexton, who was in the primary class, aptly if inaccurately described it as "a peninsula with an island at each end."

As soon as lunch was disposed of the riders settled themselves near the bushes, while the young folk wandered off to either end of the island, followed by a fusillade of injunctions to hurry back the moment the first whistle sounded.

Sam and Kitty followed suit, but Sam made certain that Kitty was headed for the southern blade of the paddle before he started north. It was dreary work sitting all alone on the point, and presently the fresh air and the soft bed of pine needles combined to bring sleep to the worried brain.

It seemed to Sam that he had enjoyed only a brief nap, but by the time he had hunted up the cabin some of the boys had built for use in the duck season and had borrowed the bathing trunks he found there he was in the cool water a few minutes when the warning whistle blew.

Madly he dashed from the water into the hut to find that in that brief interval some one had "shaved" his clothes. His underwear was as full of knots as a snake that had been knocking off a full set of pool balls, his trousers were tied into a true lover's knot that suggested anything but sentiment, and the laces of his shoes offered a good ten minutes of unpicking. Sam was still surveying the damage when the second whistle sounded.

"Blow, durn ye!" he cried savagely as he attacked the knots. "If you can't wait for a fellow I'll swim for it. I'm not goin' to make my dye-bu in this."

He cast a glance of scorn at the infinitesimal swimming trunks and attacked the knots with a haste that verified the old adage as to speed. The boat was a good half mile from shore as he burst through the bushes that grew about the rude landing and shook his fist at the departing steamer.

He was still expressing his opinion of things when there was a rustle in the bushes, and Sam turned to face Kitty, who walked with a limp and carried a stick in her hand.

"Has the boat gone?" she cried in despair. "I started up so quickly that I wrenched my ankle. I called for help, but no one seemed to hear."

"I was at the other end of the island," explained Sam, who seemed to think that the reproach was directed against him. "I took a jap and didn't realize how long I slept. I took a swim after that, and some kids chewed my clothes. I just got here myself. They'll miss us at the dock and send back for us. Can I fix your ankle?"

"I'm afraid I shall have to ask your assistance, Mr. Hastings," said Kitty, suddenly mindful of the fact that she was speaking to Sam.

He helped her to a rock and carefully cut away the shoe. Then with the sleeves of his shirt he improvised a bandage that brought relief and noted with satisfaction that the sprain seemed to be slight, since there was little swelling.

"That will have to do until we can get to town," he said as he rose to his feet. "Does it feel any easier, Miss Norwood?"

"Very much, thank you, Mr. Hastings."

Sam gritted his teeth and mentally assured himself that when a fellow takes the trouble to bind up a girl's ankle and sacrifices his very newest and handsomest shirt for a bandage the least she might do would be to call him "Sam," as of old. He moved stiffly away and took a seat on a bowlder behind her. If she was lonesome she could call him.

But Kitty, though she was dreadfully lonesome and a little bit afraid, was too proud to call. Even the faint scent of tobacco that now and then drifted past her on some errant breeze was comforting, since it was an indication of Sam's presence, but she would not speak.

Sam gloomily regarded her eloquent shoulders and longed to take her in his arms and comfort her, but he assured himself that it was her place to make the overture. It looked as though the deadlock would continue unbroken when the serpent entered this Auburnville Eden.

It was only a tiny garter snake scarcely twelve inches long, and it was hurrying away from the human intruders as rapidly as possible when Sam spied it. With a long switch he turned its course and headed it past the rock where Kitty was sitting.

The rustling in the grass caught her attention, and, looking down, she spied the wriggling length of green.

With a shrill scream of "Sam!" she struggled to her feet and the next instant was sobbing in her terror, with her arms about his neck.

With cruel ingratitude Sam dispatched his benefactor and lifted the girl in his arms.

"We'll go sit on the dock, Kitty," he suggested. "There are no snakes there. Pretty soon, if help doesn't come, I'll swim over to shore and get a small boat somewhere."

"Some one will come, Sam," she declared. "Anyhow, it's nice here—for awhile."

"You bet it is, Kitty," assented Sam as the girl crept close to the protecting circle of his arm.

Then in a torrent of words they had their explanation. It cleared the air wonderfully, and presently Kitty patted the hand that clasped her waist.

"You see, you didn't like to take Belle riding," she whispered, "just as though you had all the trouble. I bet you wouldn't like to ride over to let Mr. Saunders pretend to make love to you."

"No, I wouldn't," assented Sam honestly as he bent his head to claim another kiss. "Kitty, I'm sorry I killed that snake."

"But it was a snake," explained Kitty, as though that were sufficient reason, even though it was very nice—for a smile.

Didn't Lose Any Sleep.

Jenner, the famous English physician, was essentially a strong and self reliant man. He attended the prince consort through his fatal illness, he was the Prince of Wales' doctor when the heir to the British throne had so narrow an escape in 1872, and he also went to Darmstadt and remained in attendance upon the Princess Alice till she died. To practice medicine in "the fierce light that beats upon a throne" is not calculated to lessen the physician's anxieties, and one who knew Jenner well once questioned him on this point and hinted that his responsibilities must sometimes be sufficient to render sleep or rest impossible.

"Sleep," replied Jenner in his characteristic way. "I don't think that anxiety about a patient ever kept me awake five minutes in my life. I go to a bedside. I do my best. What more can I do? Why should I lose sleep?"

Hamlet's Bowl of Gruel.

George Melville, an old English actor, was fond of telling a funny story at his own expense. He was acting Hamlet in Bristol. It was the actor's rule to take a bowl of gruel in the course of the evening, and his landlady sent over the usual refreshment from the lodgings in Queen square. She happened to have a "new" servant girl, who was explicitly directed to get to the stage door by the entrance from Bank street and then carry the gruel into the greenroom. She arrived at a moment when Mr. Melville was "on." Being unused to the ways of the theater, she asked a man at the wings where Mr. Melville was.

"There," said the super, pointing the stage.

The actor was in the middle of t soliloquy "To be or not to be" wh the girl advanced toward him, bearir the bowl, and said: "If you please, Melville, sir, here is your gruel."

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Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

SANDFORD L. FRY, W. M.
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I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

BURDETTE S. BAYLE, N. G.
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I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 423, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

J. C. CUNNINGHAM, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 3 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

B. F. WRIGHT, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
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K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

W. H. MORRISON, Com.
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L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 8, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.

LAURA ABLEY, Com.
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W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

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P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

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Phoenix Chapter, No. 16, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MRS. MARIA CLIFFORD, W. M.
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I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree and Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

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Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 3 p. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday school at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 8 a. m. on Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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THE DRAPER'S NIECE

A DICK RYDER TALE

By H. B. MARRIOTT-WATSON

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'Twas late of night when I reached Wimbledon Common—out of the west where I had been patrolling the roads for some two months or more, and with mighty little success, as it chanced that year. I love the west country, not only because I have, as a rule, found there fat pockets jogging home untimely on a mare or fine nobleman in rich clothes, very proud but tender to pick, but I have also a sentimental leaning towards that part, and that's the truth I will not deny. There is some that hanker after the Great North road, and boast that there is no better lobby-ground than 'twixt Stevenage and Grantham, while I have even known Jem to set up Finchley Common or Hounslow for choice. Old Irons, who never had much self-respect, and was—and above familiar company calling cracking if it so served him, was wont to go no further than Finchley when his was lacking a-goldfinch or two.

But the west is after my heart, being big and populous and swarming with squires and comfortable warm folk. I know the North road, and was once very well known there myself, and celebrated on the Yorkshire moors, a confounded cold and evil place. Indeed there are few parts of the Kingdom I have not traversed in my time. Well, I was newly out of the west *that May night*, but on this occasion in no very good humour, as you may imagine, when I say that I had been forced to leave a *leet* of guineas behind at Devizes—so close upon me were the traps. Indeed, I was very nearly taken in the night, all owing to the treachery of an innkeeper, rost him! 'Twas a fine, mild night, and I was *for* lying in Clerkenwell at a house I knew, but I had reached no further than Kingston Hine, when of a sudden I remembered an inn there that I had sometimes used, and to say the truth, I was thirsty.

"Well," thinks I, "maybe I will lie here and maybe not. I will let fortune decide," and I was turning the mare into the lane, when something comes up quick in the thick of the darkness, and rushes upon Calypso's rump.

The mare started and backed into the hedge, and I raised my voice and cursed, as you may guess.

"Why," says I, "you toad, you muckrake, you dungfork," and the Lord knows where I should ha' gotten to if a gleam of white in the blackness had not in that instant disclosed to me the blunderer. 'Twas a woman, or, at least, a slip so young and silly that maybe she should not be so styled; and I had no sooner made that out and ceased in the middle of my objurgations than I made another discovery. It was her voice that did it for no doubt she was mightily in terror, seeing me so wrathful and the night being so black and lonely.

"Oh, sir," she calls in a trembling voice, "I did not see—I—" and here she broke a-weeping.

Well, Dick Ryder is not the man to stand by while a pretty woman weeps (for I could have sworn she was pretty enough), and so down I poped off Calypso and approached her.

"Why," said I, "I love not to see a miss like you in tears; and as for my words, pray forget them. I thought you was some blundering, hulking bully that was meant for my bodkin, or my whip, if no more. But as it is," say I, "there's no more ado. So dry your eyes, my dear, for I am no ogre to eat pretty children."

"Oh," she says, with a gulp, "I was not afraid of you. I only feared I had angered you justly. I am thrown out into the night, sir! I have nowhere to go!"

Now you may imagine how this touched me, and, what I felt but she was innocent as a lamb and as foolish, as you might detect from her voice, to say nothing of her face, the which I saw later. So I considered a moment.

"That's just my case," said I. "And I was going to wake up some fat villain to take me in and sup me. But," says I, "if you will find me the particular villain, fat or lean, and cock or cockatrice, that has thrown out a ba-lamb like you, miss, well, 'tis he or she I'll have awake and out, and something more besides, rip me if I don't!"

I had put her down as a child from her stature, which was small, and her body, which was slight, but I was to be undeceived in that presently.

"'Tis my uncle," she sobbed. "He has shut the door on me. He will not let me in. He vows he has done with me."

"Maybe," said I, "he has some cause for his anger. But uncles are not hard masters, even to young misses that know not the world nor their own minds."

"Nay," she says, "he has a reason for his anger and he will not relent, he will not have me back," she said in a voice of hesitating timidity; and, scenting of a sudden to have taken on the shape of her situation, she began to withdraw into the night.

"Not so fast, young madam," said I, "you have broken my mares leg, I believe, and I must have a talk with you. What's the reason?" says I.

She paused, and then in a tremulous quick voice says, "He will not hear that George Risley shall marry me."

"Oh, ho!" said I. "I begin to smell powder. And he has turned you out of doors?"

"No," she faltered. "He would not permit me."

"I begin to see beyond my nose, I said; "you were walking with this George, and returned late?" She hesitated. "Why, come," I said, rallying her, "I'd ha' done the same myself, although you would not credit it of a prim and proper youth like me. You was back late?"

"Yes," says she, in a low voice.

"Well," said I, "old hunks shall take you in, never fear; so come along of me, and show me where Nunky lives and fumes and fusses."

At that I threw Calypso's bridle over my arm, and began to go along the road, the little miss walking by my side, something reluctant, as I guessed, but cheering, as she went. Her uncle, says she, was a draper in the city with a good custom and a deep purse, while this George was but a 'prentice with small prospects.

"Well, I have no prospects myself," said I; "but I warrant I can get what I want in the end. 'Tis the same with George. Let him worry at it as a dog a bone. I'll wager he is a handsome fellow to have taken a pretty girl's eyes."

"He is very handsome," says miss, with enthusiasm; "and he is the best judge of calico in the city."

"D—— me!" says I, smacking my thigh as we walked on together quite friendly, "d—— me! that's the lad for my money, and I don't wonder at you," said I.

Whereat, poor chit, she brings me forth tales of her blessed George's goodness and estimable virtues, and how his master trusted him, and how his neighbors loved him.

"Well," I said, "best let 'em not love him too much, or maybe this paragon will slip you."

And on that she came to a halt, and falling very tremulous again, pointed at a house.

"'Tis my uncle's," she says, "but there are no lights and he is gone to bed."

"So shall you," said I, and forthwith went up and banged upon the door.

Now I could guess very much of what had happened in that house and how old hunks had taken a fit of choler and choking on it had sent his niece packing for a peccadillo. To be sure she was out over-late for virtuous maids, but what's a clock in the balance with lover's vows? And if any was to blame, 'twas this same George that should have been swinged, not pretty miss like a dove.

The door opens sharply, and there was an old fat fellow with a candle in his hand, glaring at me.

"Who are you?" says he, for my appearance took him by surprise.

"Well," says I in a friendly way, "I'm not Old Bowley, nor am I the topsman, but something between, and what that is matters nothing. But I found a poor maid astray on the heath, and have taken the liberty to fetch her home safe and secure."

He pushed his head further out, holding the candle so as to throw the light into the road. "It's you, Nelly!" said he, sharply. "Have I not said I have done with you? Go to your lover, you baggage!" and he made a motion to pull to the door, but my foot was inside.

"Softly," said I, "softly, gaffer. This is your niece, I believe," nodding over my arm to miss.

"Well," he snarled, "as she is mine and not yours I can do what I like with her."

"Oh! is that how the wind blows?" said I. "Then, sink me! but I shall have to go to school again to learn morals. But there is one thing I have no need to learn again, and that's how to knock sense and discretion into a thick head," said I, meaningly, and at the same time I threw the bridle over Calypso's ears and stood free before the old villain.

He looked at me a moment, the flame of the candle wagging before his face, and the grease guttering down the candlestick. "You do not understand, sir," he said in a quieter voice. "I have to give my niece lessons; I have to teach her by severity; but since it is probable that she has been sufficiently frightened by this night's adventure, and—come to reason, let her enter." And so saying, he stepped back and held the door aside.

That he was of a savage, uncontrollable temper was evident, but I had not reckoned with the old bear's cunning, and I vow it was to blame for it. So old a hand as Dick Ryder should not have been caught by so simple a trick. Yet he was miss's uncle and how was I to suspect him so deeply? At any rate, the facts are that, on seeing him after so reasonably, and step back with the invitation on his lips and in his bearing, I too stepped back from the doorway, to leave way for miss to enter. Then of a sudden bang goes the door to, shaking the very walls of the house, and a great key is turned in the inside, screaming rustily.

I will confess I felt blank, but I recovered in a moment, when out of the window above the old rascal pokes his head.

"Let her go back to her lover!" he says with a sneer. "Or maybe you can take her yourself. I want no soiled pieces in a Christian home," and the head was withdrawn, the window shut tight, and the house was plunged in darkness.

You may suppose how this usage annoyed me, who am not wont to be treated in so merry a fashion, or to be—out of the copies in shading. I was, on the instant, for flying at the door and employing my barkers and point forthwith, but it is not wise to leap too soon with your eyes shut, and so I held my temper and my tongue, only showing my teeth in an ugly grin as I turned to Miss Nelly.

"Why," says I, "the old buck has said the truth. And there is something in his whimsies after all. It seems that George and I must fight or toss for you, my dear." You must remember that I had not seen her face *all this time, for all the streaming can*dle the old gentleman carried, but I gathered that she was in distress from the note of her voice, which trembled.

"You cannot mean it, sir," she cried, and shrank away into the darkness, whence I caught the sound of sobbing.

"Why, bless you, child," said I, touched at the exhibition of her weakness and innocence, "such chitterlins as you are *not for me, pretty as you* may be. I'll swear. No, you're for George, or I may perish!"

"Sir," says she, staying her tears, and speaking with an air of dignity vastly entertaining, "I am past 18."

"Well," says I, "if you are so old as that, I would I had a mother like you, granny. But as for old Suet yonder, rip and stab me if I do not pay him back in gold coin before two hours is out! And in the meantime you come along with me, gransam."

I think she was confused and fluttered to be so addressed, not understanding my sarcasm; but she followed me obediently, not having any ideas of her own, poor soul. I led the way to Roehampton, where I had made up my mind she should lie meanwhile in the care of the wench I knew at the inn. I was fashioning in my mind a plan for the confounding of the old tub-of-lard as I went, for I never lose time, but am speedy at my aim; yet all the same I talked with miss pretty, jovial, for she was a shrinking slip of a girl who was beginning now to get scared, and no wonder. When we were got to the tavern I came into the tap room and called out for Costley, who had the house then, but is since dead of good liquor; and out runs he in his apron, with a lively face, for he was in a merry state enough, the hour being late.

"What, Dick Ryder!" says he in surprise.

"Yes, 'tis Dick Ryder!" says I, "and he wants a bed along of Sally for a little madam, and supper for both."

"'Tis unexpected orders, captain,"

This Pretty Lady.

says he. "At least 'tis put in an amazing odd way. But," he cries out, bursting with his news, "Old Irons is here!"

"What! that old cut purse," said I, annoyed, for I was no friend of Old Irons.

"Yes," said he, eagerly, "you'll sup along of him?"

"D— me, I won't!" said I. "I want no company in my company."

"Come, Captain," said he, protesting, for he had a fear of me, and knew of my repute of many rounds. "Fair play and equality in a trade," says he.

I was on the point to give him the rough edge of my tongue—for it was like his impudence to try cozening me—when down the stairs into the passage came a man, walking very stiffly with his head in the air. I stopped at once, for I knew not who he might be, and down he steps into the light, showing a foppish sort of a face, hair very particularly curly, and a becoming dress. No sooner did I clap eyes on him than I knew what kidney he was, and that he was not worth two blinks of owles, as they say. So I turned my back on him and was beginning on Costley again, when I was surprised by the girl's voice crying out from the entrance behind me.

"What the devil?" says I, flying about, for I thought she was insulted maybe by some of Costley's fellows, and I ran to the door. But there was she with her arms about the neck of this Jack-a-dandy.

"What's this, miss?" said I, beginning to think there was some truth in old Nunkey's words after all; and at that she stepped into the inn, in her excitement, and I saw her plainly for the first time. Lord, Lord! there was nothing in her face that would not have convinced any court at Old Bailey forthright. She was prettily handsome, like a doll that turns eyes up or down and smiles out of pink cheeks, in which were two dimples mighty enticing. Up she comes in a rush, almost breathless, and breaks out to me:

"'Tis he, 'tis he, sir!"

"Who the devil is he?" said I, sharply.

"'Tis Mr. Risley," she says, somewhat abashed. "He has been supping here, and inquiring forth for his lodging."

"I commend his discretion," I said, "an excellent good place for supper, so it is, especially for young sparks like that. Well," says I, "since you're content as it seems, I will leave you and young Cupid and be about my business."

At this she looked dumbfounded.

"But," she begins, stammering, and pausing.

I threw a glance at Risley, who stood by with an air something twixt arrogance and nervousness. I plumbed his depths for a coxcomb in a moment—the many such as he in my time—the *feather's enough and nothing behind* them. But it was true that the coxcomb's appearance did not better her case *beyond that gratification of* mind after logic, so I considered, and the idea I had taken suddenly bloomed forth in my mind. There was Old Irons, and here were we. I could have laughed aloud to think how I was for binding all the threads in one, to say nothing of Nunkey's on the counter. So I turned about to Costley.

"I was wrong," says I; "I will do Capt. Irons the honor to sup with him, and this young gentleman, I make no doubt, will join me."

"I beg your pardon—I—I have supped," he stammered.

"'Tis a friend," I heard her whisper; "if it were not for him I know not what must happen to me."

"Well," says I, "miss here will sup at any rate," at which I saw his color leave.

"I will take the pleasure myself to keep you company, sir," said he, and forthwith we marched into the room. Here was Old Irons, rude, jovial and blatant as ever, but happily not too far gone as yet. He stared at my guests hard enough, but seemed to be at a loss what to make of them or how to deal by them. So that he was for a time pretty silent, casting glances of perplexity at me and frowning, as if he would invite me to say what I was doing. He was drinking, however, of humpty-dumpty, which soon loosened his tongue.

"What cock and pullet have you got here; Dick?" says he, in a loud whisper.

"Friends of mine," says I.

"Oh!" says he, and stared; then passed off into a chuckle, and with his eyes twinkling on miss; at which my apprentice in the fine clothes, not knowing—poor fool, what sort of a man he had to deal with, fired up and demanded haughtily why he laughed at a lady. But Irons only roared the more, paying no more heed to him than if he were a babe in arms.

"Shut your mouth!" says I to him, seeing the girl's color fly about.

"Why," says he, on the grin still, "you've turned Anabaptist, Dick. What lad's this? I will say it's as toothsome and sweet mutton as—"

"If you close not your cheese trap," said I sharply, "I will take leave to do it for you with my pistol butt."

At that Old Irons stared at me, for he was never very quarrelsome save in his cups, and he had a respect for me. "Captain," says he, don't go for to say you're going to commit assault on Old Irons, and shut his pretty peepers forever. "I'll warrant this pretty lady would be affrighted by it, and the gentleman, too, rip me! when they see Old Irons a-lying in his gore—"

"Oh," says I, impatiently, "have done and pull up, for I maybe shall want you afore the day comes."

"Now, that's like Dick Ryder's old self," says the old fool, and feigned to wipe a tear from his eye and regain his spirits. He whistles a snatch, and called for more ale and brandy, which was his favorite drink.

"Irons," says I, "a man of heart and tenderness like you would be all agog to do service to a young lady that was in trouble," and I winked at him meaningly across the table.

"Service!" says he, starting up. "Why, I've just been piping, Dick, all this time for you to come to it. What's Dick got?" says I to myself, and says myself to I: 'Maybe (and I hope) he will be for letting me strike a blow in behalf of youth and beauty?' Stab me, Dick! those were my very words to myself."

"Well," says I, bluntly, "you shall have your wish, old man, and this young gentleman, too, who I see is regularly jumping to join us."

"I—I know not what you mean," stuttered the peacock. "Having supped, and being called on to retire to my pudgings, which is far hence, I will take the opportunity to thank you, sir, for your hospitality, and begone."

Now at that I only confirmed in the opinion I had formed of him as nothing but a cur of no spirit; for here he was willing—nay, anxious, to fly off and leave his lady in the hands of those he knew not, with never a roof to cover her. He had taken a fear of Irons, maybe, or perhaps his suspicion was due to my masterful air. But I was not going to let him escape that way, specially as he was a part of the plot I was laying against old Nunkey. So I put my hands on his shoulder.

"Sit down," said I, cheerily. "You must not bolt till you have put something inside that brave coat of yours. Moreover," says I, here is a lady in trouble, and if I read your honest face aright, you are not the man to leave a poor maid in the lurch, not you."

"Rip me, but—he—brave young gentleman, I can see it in his cheeks," chuckled Old Irons.

"I—I do not know what can be done," said the latter, in confusion, "I am willing to help in any way," but her uncle refused.

"Well," said I, looking on him attentively, "you may be thankful that you have met one who, however inferior in courage does not need to cry mercy to your wits. For here's my plan plain and pat," and I gave it them there and then. It had come into my head as I walked along the road with Miss Nelly, but I had the whole form perfect only when I encountered the apprentice and heard Irons was in the tavern. Old Irons and I were to make an entry into the house, and the peacock was to make the rescue, by which means, as you will see, the way would be clear for Nunkey's reconciliation with his niece's choice. But no sooner had I told them than cried the peacock, stammering—

"But—but—I could not—'tis not seemly. I will be no party. 'Tis time I was gone home."

"Oh, very well," says I, "then we will adventure without you, and 'tis I will rescue miss from old Irons."

The girl's eyes lighted up. "You will do it, George?" says she beaming, "I believe it will convince my uncle of all I have said of you."

He hesitated, and being pushed into the corner, knew not what to say.

"But," says he in a troubled voice, and glancing from Old Irons to me, and from me to Old Irons, anxiously, "I do not know who these gentlemen are. I—"

"Sink me!" says Old Irons in a cozening voice, "d'ye think we are really on the toby? Why bless you, young master, we are both noblemen in disguise, so we are, and would think shame of this job if it was not to make an honest girl come by her own. We're only a-posing as crib-crackers," says he.

"George!" says the girl, in a voice of soft entreaty that would have persuaded a topsman.

"No good will come of it," said he with an air of protest. "'Twill fail," and he cast his eyes in despair.

"Agreed like a brave lad!" said I, clapping him on the back; "and you shall drink to us and success," with which I filled him up a pot of humpty-dumpty, well laced.

He drank and coughed, but the compound mounting in his blood, fired him presently, so that he began to talk lightly and proffer advice and boast of what he would do and what part he would take.

"Why, yes," says Old Irons, "a pistol clapped at the head, and bang goes the priming, out flows the red blood. Sink me! there you are as cold as clay, and with no more life in you than a dead maggot. 'Slife! here's a jolly boy, Dick, that is handy with his barker, I'll vow."

But I stopped him ere he went too far, and he and I prepared the arrangements. We left miss behind in Sally's charge with strict instructions, and 'twas nigh three we reached the house. There I set the popinjay outside the window to shiver, pot-valiant, until so be the time should come, while Irons and I went to the back of the house and made scrutiny of the yard. There was little trouble in the job, as it chanced, for Irons is skilled in the business, which I should scorn to holding for a scurvy, moan-livered craft, unworthy of a gentleman, but I was committed to do it for this occasion only, and so was resolved to go through with it. Irons fetched out his tools and got to work; and in a short time we were through the window of the kitchen, and Irons with his slim was creeping up the stairs. But he stopped half-way and whispered back to me—as if he had only then recalled something.

"What kon's this?" he asked, using his scant word.

"Why, an honest merchant's house," said I; "and he traffics in calicos."

"Look ye, Dick Ryder," says he sitting down on the stairs, "I may be a dullard, but rip me if I know how you stand in this!"

"Why," says I, "you need only know where you stand, Irons, and that's pretty sure. You know me."

He stared at me a moment, and then said he, "Well, I'll empty old Nunkey of his spanks, and we'll settle afterwards," and he resumed his journey.

Now, what I had arranged with the apprentice was that I should knock upon the window when the time was come, at which he would spring in with the cries of alarm and fury, falling upon the rascals that had dared break into the merchant's house. At which Irons and I were to make off, and the old gentleman, rising in terror from his bed, should discover us in flight, and his deliverer, George, full armed, in possession. Yet it did not fall out quite in this way, owing, as I believe, to Old Irons muddled head and his stopping on the stairs.

At any rate, we were no sooner come to the hall after Irons had visited two rooms, than we were surprised by the figure of the old gentleman moving down the staircase in his night-dress and a large blunderbuss in his hand.

"Stand!" says he, seeing Irons in the *faint* light. "Stand, rogue, or I fire!"

Old Irons uttered a curse, and, edging into the shadows put up an arm to slip the catches of the window, but his knuckles fell on it with a rap as he drew the catch, and immediately after there was a long, shrill cry, the window fell open, and there was the peacock in the midst, calling in his falsetto:

"Surrender, or I will blow a hole in you! Surrender by ——!"

I could have broken out laughing at the sight, only the situation promised to grow risky. For Old Irons taken aback at this and never very partienlar when on his toy, jumped up sharply and smashed at the other with pistol-butt; while, to make confusion worse, the old man in the nightcap let off his blunderbuss. Such a screeching noise as would have astonished a churchyard of ghosts, for the truth was, old Nunky let George somewhere in his blunderparts, and simultaneously down came Irons' blows on his head. That set his fingers to work on the trigger of the pistol I had given him, and ere I was aware, something had took me in the big toe and set me cursing.

"Here!" says I grabbing Old Irons in the darkness, for he was ready to destroy both in his wildness, "this is no place for a tender-hearted chicken like you or me. We're no match for savage fire-eaters like these. We'd best go," and I dragged him through the window and we made off together. When we reached the inn, I called out the girl.

"What has happened?" she cried eagerly.

"Well," said I, "I think you had best walk home sharp. I'll wager Nunkey will be calling for you presently to reward a gallant youth that has risked his life for to save him."

Her eyes glistened, and, Lord! I believe the poor fool thought her George had been brave. She clasped her hands. "Oh, I must thank you, sir!" she cried.

"Nay, never thank me," said I, "for, if I mistake not, Old Irons has taken thanks for us both, and would have had more if it had not been for young Jack-a-dandy."

"Split him!" cries Old Irons. I would I had hit him harder."

"Hit!" she cries, and clutches at me.

"Nay, never fear," I said. "'Twas not Irons, but Nunkey's blunderbuss. Faith, he took both wounds like a lamb. I would I had his courage, and was to be comforted like him. But he is in no danger."

"Oh, sir!" says she, gratefully, and if she were fool she was pretty enough, and her innocence touched me, for she had scarce understood anything of what we spoke.

"But run home," says I, "and I'll warrant you'll find him a-rubbing of his head, and Nunkey a-hugging him for joy and gratitude."

But even ere I had finished she was gone, flying lightly into the grey of the coming dawn, and, as I heard afterwards from Costley, what I had forecast was pretty accurate. But I had finished with the miss and the next business was to divide with Old Irons. 'Twas the first time that I had ever engaged in a job with him, and I vow 'twill be the last; so scurvy was he in the partition. But then, I had always a detestation of so ungentlemanly a game as cracking cribs.

"What Has Happened?"

Subscribe for the MINER

ManZan Pile Remedy comes ready to use with nozzle attached. Soothes, heals reduces itching and inflammation. An operation for piles will not be necessary if you use ManZan. Price 50c. Money refunded if not satisfied. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and G. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

DeWITT'S KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS FOR BACKACHE

Weak Kidneys, Lame Back and Inflammation of the Bladder

QUICK STARTING 25c

For sale by L. K. Hogarth

TRYING TO HOODWINK NEGROES

Democrats Pursuing Their Usual Double Faced Policy.

Upholding Disfranchisement In the South While Forming Colored Bryan Clubs In West.

[From the Baltimore Sun, Dem.]

General Winfield S. Hancock, who was the Democratic nominee for president in 1880, declared the tariff was principally a "local question"—that is to say, a Pennsylvania Democrat might be a protectionist for protection's sake, while a Democrat in Georgia or in Iowa might hold fast to the doctrine of a tariff for revenue only. The Massachusetts Democrat might be a free trader without reservation of any kind, while the West Virginia Democrat might be a free trader only with respect to commodities which were not produced by his own state. General Hancock's pronouncement was considered an ingenious evasion of the tariff issue, but it did not produce harmony in the Democratic party, and the general was defeated.

Twenty-eight years have passed since General Hancock defined the tariff as a local question upon which the Democrats of each state were free to act with regard chiefly to local interests. The principle which he then formulated seems to have been adopted by Democrats in the west in respect to the relation of the Democratic party to the negro. Last week the West Virginia Democratic convention embodied in its platform planks demanding certain qualifications for voters, designed to disfranchise many negroes. Their platform also contains a declaration in favor of separate coaches for white and negro passengers on railroads. The West Virginia Democrats not only refuse to hold out the olive branch to the negro and invite him into their fold, but they are determined to limit his political activity by a disfranchising law and to bring him under the operation of a "Jim Crow" law when he travels on the railroads of that state.

What Are the Promises?

Out in Nebraska and in Kansas the Democratic campaign managers are organizing negro voters into Bryan clubs. In this no effort will be spared to secure the support of the negro voters for the Democratic national ticket. What pledges have been given and what inducements have been offered does not appear. But it is a fair inference that the managers have promised to do "something for the negro," perhaps to recognize him in the distribution of offices if Mr. Bryan should be elected, and also to take such action as the negroes may demand in respect to the reinstatement of the negro battalion dismissed from the army by President Roosevelt for the attack on Brownsville last week when the West Virginia Democrats were declaring for a disfranchisement law and for a "Jim Crow" law the Democratic convention in the Twelfth congressional district of Ohio adopted a platform favoring "the enactment of laws which shall accord to all men accused of wrongdoing whether soldiers or civilians, a fair and impartial trial and an opportunity to be heard before conviction or punishment." This apparently refers to the Brownsville incident. It may also have a broader meaning and a more extended application and may be susceptible of an interpretation which will make southern Democrats open their eyes with amazement and possibly with apprehension.

Race Question "Local Issue?"

There seems to be no ground for reasonable doubt that the Democratic campaign managers in the west, in the effort to secure negro support for their national ticket, are acting upon the principle that the race question is only a "local issue." It is evident that the south does not approve this plan of campaign, but is powerless to check it. The Democracy of the south is in full accord with the position taken by the West Virginia Democrats last week. And yet it is assumed by those who are trying to get negroes to support Mr. Bryan that the south will be cheerfully cooperation with the Ohio, Nebraska, Kansas and Illinois Democrats who are welcoming the negro into free fellowship in the Democratic party and probably promising to annul the decision of President Roosevelt in the Brownsville matter. The theory of western Democrats that the race problem is merely a local issue is calculated to give the south much concern. Many Democrats in that section may question whether it is worth while to elect a Democratic president who may open wide the door of political opportunity to the negro.

He Might.

Old Golf Professional—Na, ye'll no mak' a gowfer. Ye've begun ower late and ye've ower muckle pottle. But it's juist possible if ye practice harrd, verra harrd, for twa-three years ye micht——Jones (expectantly)—Yes? Professional—Ye micht begin to hae a glimmer that ye'll never ken the grandments o' the game.—London Sketch.

Upward.

"Is Mike Clancy here?" asked the visitor to the quarry after the premature explosion.

"No, sir," replied Costigan. "He's gone."

"For good?"

"Well, sor, he wint in that direction."

Sarcastic.

Guest (impatiently)—I say, waiter, how long have you been employed here? Waiter—'Bout a week, sir. Guest—Oh, is that all? Then I must have given my order to some other waiter.

It is as hard to find a man without guile as a fish without a backbone.—Archytas.

God Save the Commonwealth

ELECTION PROCLAMATION.

PURSUANT TO AN ACT OF GENERAL Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to regulate the nomination and election of public officers in this Commonwealth, and providing for the registration of electors within cities containing a population of two hundred thousand or more," approved the 19th day of June, A. D. 1895, (and the several amendments) I, George W. Mitchell, High Sheriff of the county of McKean, do hereby make known and proclaim to the qualified electors of McKean county, that a general election will be held in the said county of McKean on TUESDAY, the 6th day of November, A. D., 1906 (being the TUESDAY next following the FIRST MONDAY of said month) for the purpose of electing the following officers, viz:—

One person for President of the United States.

One person for Vice President of the United States.

One person for Judge of the Superior Court.

One person for Representative in Congress.

One person for Senator in the General Assembly.

Two persons for Representatives in the General Assembly.

One person for Sheriff.

One person for Prothonotary.

One person for Clerk of the Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace and Over and Terminer.

One person for District Attorney.

One person for Recorder of Deeds.

One person for Register of Wills and Clerk of the Orphans' Court.

Three persons for County Commissioners.

Three persons for County Auditors.

THE FOLLOWING IS INSTRUCTIONS TO VOTERS.

TO VOTE A STRAIGHT PARTY TICKET, MARK A CROSS (X) IN THE SQUARE IN THE FIRST COLUMN, OPPOSITE THE NAME OF THE PARTY OF YOUR CHOICE.

A CROSS MARK IN THE SQUARE OPPOSITE THE NAME OF ANY CANDIDATE INDICATES A VOTE FOR THAT CANDIDATE.

A CROSS MARK IN SQUARE OPPOSITE NAMES OF PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES IS A VOTE FOR ALL ELECTORS OF THAT PARTY, BUT FOR NO OTHER CANDIDATES.

I also make known and give notice that the following is a correct list of the nominations for the respective offices above recited, namely:—

For President and Vice President of the United States.

TAFT AND SHERMAN, REPUBLICAN.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS.

(Mark 34)

Benjamin Franklin Jones, Jr.
Morris Lewis Clothier,
John Burt,
Howard Alter Davis,
Frederick Taylor Chandler,
Ellis A. Gimbel,
George Jay Elliott,
Edward Sweney Burton,
George Christian Hertel,
Joseph deBonneville Abbott,
John Watts Barr Bingham,
Rufus Albert Phillips,
Theodore Leonard Newell,
John Bell Matthias,
Amos Bain Miller,
William John McCahey,
George Washington Williams,
David Jewett Waller, Jr.,
William Struthers Stille,
Robert Christmas Nash,
Jacob Cyrus Stigmaier,
Thomas Stapley,
Norman Frederick Reynolds,
Andrew White McCullough,
John Timothy Rogers,
Edward League Davis,
Jerome Frances Downing,
Herman Simon,
Theophilus Lewis Wilson,
Perry Clifford Rose,
Oscar Schaefer,
Oscar Holmes Babcock,
Alexander Boland Peacock,
Homer David Williams.

BRYAN AND KERN, DEMOCRATIC.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS.

(Mark 35)

Joseph P. McCullen,
Albert J. Barr,
Daniel E. Carlin,
Edward R. Seiferlich,
Aaron G. Kramer,
Clarence Loeb,
James T. Kuitz,
Michael J. Howard,
John C. Ferron,
John Howard Langenhower,
Louis N. Spencer,
Alexander W. Dickson,
John T. Flannery,
Oliver Perry Bechtel,
Harry D. Schaeffer,
Charles A. McCarty,
John Franklin Stone,
John I. Welch,
Cyrus C. Gelwicks,
George Derr Krause,
Samuel M. Royer,
Henry Wishers,
J. Hawley Baird,
John K. Holland,
John F. Purdy,
Howard S. Marshall,
Robert N. Brown,
Howard Mutchler,
William Lewis Neal,
Fred A. Shaw,
Henry Meyer,
Wesley S. Gurley,
Dennis J. Boyle,
Casper P. Mayer.

CHAFIN AND WATKINS, PROHIBITION.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS.

(Mark 34)

Elisha Kent Kane,
John Duff Gill,
John B. Heston,
Lewis L. Enwenson,
Samuel K. Felton,
Irving Woods Hucklns,
Roland M. Ewenson,
Jonas K. Schultz,
Daniel G. Hendricks,
Howard Leopold,
Daniel S. VonNeida,
Wm. H. Richmond,
W. B. Bartels,
William H. Malerry,
John Peter Schneller,
Justus F. Warrier,
James Mansel,
Franklin P. Johnson,
Jeremiah S. Ymkey,
Silas C. Swallow,
John L. Edwards,
Cyrus S. Grisel,
A. McAlpin,
Lewis Case Wick,
John O. Stoner,
Milton S. Marquis,
Isaac Monderan,
George F. Kline,
W. G. Freeman,
Edwin J. Ephland,
James P. Knox,
Knox C. Hill,
Robert S. Grass,
Thomas P. Herschberger.

DEBS AND HANFORD, SOCIALIST.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS.

(Mark 34)

Edward J. Cook,
Edward J. Higgins,
George Pugh,
Robert M. Green,
R. Barclay Spicer,
George Nau,
John Zellhorn,
August Muhlen,
Martin J. Fyzalle,
William C. Price,
Charles Herweigh,
George Lodge,
Charles G. Alter,
Henry Peter,
Emil Gauang,
Joseph M. Achhammer,
Percy Vize,
Fred. W. Whiteside,
Martin J. Brehmer,
George Davies,
Jerome F. Buck,
Jesse W. Green,
Andrew Hunter,
Cornelius F. Foley,
George W. Guthrie,
Angus McRae,
Arthur J. Dennis,
Frederick G. Rother,
E. Howald Deal,
Daniel K. Young,
Julius Weber,
Thomas Thatcher,
Simon Libbis,
Howard P. Hunter.

HIGBEE AND GRAVES, INDEPENDENCE.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS.

(Mark 36)

John L. Barrett,
William Bonghter,
Robert G. Cuthbert, Jr.,
Charles B. Connolly,
Joseph M. Cronub,
John P. Correll,
William F. Craig, Jr.,
Edwin B. Depuy,
Thomas Dolan,
Herman L. Dullring, Jr.,
Theodore Eichhorn,
James A. Fulton,
James P. Gaffney,
Jesse Willis Galbreath,
William J. Griffith,
John L. Harding,
Samuel M. Hollingman,
George F. Hildebrand,
Edmund W. Kirby,
John W. Lafferty,
William La Fontaine,
Owen E. Lally,
George V. McDonald,
Edward J. Maher,
James Frederick Martin,
Newell H. Metzinger,
Joseph F. O'Neil,
Stanley J. Oram,
Wheeler H. Peckham,
John A. Phillips,
Robert Miles Robinson,
Silas Edgar Trout,
Samuel F. Wheeler,
William H. White.

GILHAUS and SUHRBO, SOCIALIST LABOR.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS.

(Mark 33)

Henry Spittal,
J. C. Gunther,
L. McKnight,
John Dragmand,
W. H. Thomas,
Theo. Wehling,
Angelo Mele,
Eugene Cleary,
George Pearce,
Grant Hughes,
George Snyder,
Otto Magensay,
Chas. Rupp,
L. M. Burbyat,
J. A. McConnell,
Jas. Scaring,
P. H. Geraughty,
Arthur Losey,
W. J. Marshall,
Wm. Funk,
Fred. Cole,
Wm. Cowan,
Wm. Crum,
P. Rowan,
Wm. Staley,
Peter Antler,
Ernest Hildebrandt,
Jaime Clark,
Wm. Hughes,
Chas. A. Now,
George Staley,
John Hutchins,
Geo. Cole,
Chas Turner.

JUDGE OF THE SUPERIOR COURT.

(Mark one)

William D. Porter, Republican
Webster Grim, Democratic
Daniel Sturgeon, Prohibition
Thomas H. Kennedy, Socialist
Luther S. Kauffman, Independence

REPRESENTATIVE IN CONGRESS.

(Mark one)

Charles F. Barclay, Republican
W. Harrison Walker, Democratic
H. N. McCoy, Prohibition
J. D. Blair, Socialist

SENATOR IN THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

(Mark one)

Frank E. Baldwin, Republican
Samuel M. Seifert, Democratic
Elisha Kent Kane, Prohibition / Majority Rule

REPRESENTATIVE IN THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

(Mark two)

Robert P. Habgood, Republican
James A. McKean, Republican
Robert W. Hilton, Democratic / Majority Rule
L. R. Shaw, Democratic / Majority Rule
A. C. McAlpin, Prohibition
P. A. Walter, Prohibition
Joseph Betgel, Socialist
Chas. A. Parties, Socialist

SHERIFF.

(Mark one)

William H. Morrison, Republican
T. J. Fennerty, Democratic
J. C. Young, Prohibition
W. S. Clark, Socialist

PROTHONOTARY.

(Mark one)

H. F. Starsky, Republican
W. G. Holder, Democratic
F. J. Fuller, Prohibition
J. W. Babcock, Socialist

CLERK OF THE COURT OF QUARTER SESSIONS OF THE PEACE AND OYER AND TERMINER.

(Mark one)

Frank R. Foster, Republican / Prohibition
Guy L. Burt, Democratic
Charles Barr, Socialist

DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

(Mark one)

Guy B. Mayo, Republican / Prohibition

RECORDER OF DEEDS.

(Mark one)

Homer M. Choate, Republican / Prohibition
G. A. Simpson, Democratic
Carl Godfrey, Socialist

REGISTER OF WILLS AND CLERK OF THE ORPHANS' COURT.

(Mark one)

John B Eastman, Republican
C. W. Patterson, Democratic
J. E. Dennis, Prohibition
Geo. K. Rathke, Socialist

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

(Mark two)

A. M. Marsh, Republican
John A. Paterson, Republican
John P. Devlin, Democratic
W. L. Ovatt, Democratic
J. A. Hooper, Prohibition
S. M. Love, Prohibition
P. J. Nolan, Socialist
A. L. Tullely, Socialist

COUNTY AUDITORS.

(Mark two)

A. A. Abbey, Republican / Prohibition
Albert R. Anderson, Republican / Prohibition
A. R. Corey, Democratic
James M. Fraser, Democratic
F. M. Parrus, Socialist

I also hereby make known and give notice that the place of holding the aforesaid general election in the several townships, boroughs and wards within the County of McKean, are as follows, to-wit:

The township of Annin, at the building known as Simpson's store, now Maccabee Hall, at Turtle Point.

BRADFORD CITY.

First ward, First district—At Armory Hall, Corydon street.

First ward, Second district—C. J. Lane's building, on Boylston street, near Pine.

Second Ward, First District—In the basement of the New Universalist Church, at the Southeast corner of South Avenue and Corydon Street, in the first precinct of the second Ward in the said City of Bradford.

Second ward, Second district—At No. 46 Chestnut Street, Mrs. M. J. Rook Building.

Third ward, First district—Northwest corner of Washington and Pearl streets, in building owned by C. C. Fitzgibbon.

Third ward, Second district—At lot on south side of Washington street a little west of Center street; booth to be provided by County.

Fourth ward—Land of New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad Company.

Fifth ward—Robert's tank shop on Main street, near bridge.

Sixth ward—At Epworth hall, next door to Methodist church on the North side of East Main street.

BRADFORD TOWNSHIP.

First district—At Jewett Hall, Custer City.

Second district—A point at or near the cross-roads near Smith's chainmill works, on lands of W. H. Emery, in a suitable building erected by the county commissioners.

CERES TOWNSHIP.

At a building on the opposite side of Oswayo creek from the old Bullock place, in a building recently purchased by the County.

CORYDON TOWNSHIP.

First district—The first door of a new building owned by B. D. Toine, across the highway from said Toine's residence.

Second district—At a building near the school house, known as the Thomas Conover school house, in Warrant No. 3761, on road leading up Sugar Creek, to Marshburg, near the residence of E. S. Holmes.

The borough of Eldred at boss house, Edson street.

The township of Eldred—Building owned by school District, on south side of Pennsylvania railroad, near depot.

FOSTER TOWNSHIP.

First district—The lower floor of the A. H. U. W. hall at Derrick City, in said district.

Second district—In the A. P. Corwin building at Corwin Centre.

HAMLIN TOWNSHIP.

First District—The Odell House building on the south side of the Main Road, in the Village of Hazelhurst.

Second district—At Lantz's store.

Third district—The room used as a reading room on the ground floor of the "Reading Room Building" of the village of Kushequa.

The borough of Mt. Jewett—The east room of the first floor of the city building and known as the hose room.

HAMLIN TOWNSHIP.

First district—At the rear of house in Ludlow.

Second district—The ground floor of Macomber and Grange at Morrison.

KEATING TOWNSHIP.

First District—Goss Bowe's Hall, being on the second story of said building situated on the south side of the public highway leading through East Smethport, in the seat of said Hower's Blacksmith shop.

Second ward—At new building of J. C. Stull, at Farmers Valley.

Third district—In the village of Sympson, in building owned by and being known as the "Ancient Order United Workman's hall."

KANE BOROUGH.

First Ward—The new frame house in the alley in the rear of No. 41 Park Avenue in said Borough of Kane.

Second ward—At the City or Municipal Building situate at the corner of Chase and Bayard streets.

Third ward—The lower floor of a frame room of the Matthias Hose Company building on Fifth street in said third ward.

Fourth ward—The building of the Kane Hose Company, No. 3, in said ward.

LAFAYETTE TOWNSHIP.

First district—In the south room on the first floor of the Odd Fellows building at Mt. Jewett, in said district.

Second District—Cannon's Hall, Lewis Run.

Third district—The building of Mrs. E. C. Penny in the village of Lafayette on the north side of the highway 40 rods east of said Newton building.

Fourth district—The rear of the store building of Elisha K. Kane, in the village of Olivedale, in said Township of Lafayette.

The township of Liberty in a building near the grocery store of E. Dudley at a point on the Smethport road about 90 rods northwest from the bridge crossing the river from the borough of Port Allegany.

The borough of Port Allegany, second story of public building.

NORWICH TOWNSHIP.

First district—Norwich township hall.

Second district—At a building erected by the Commissioners at Gardean.

OTTO TOWNSHIP.

First district—In the building known as "Union Hall" in the village of Duke Centre in said district.

Second District—The K. O. T. M. Hall, situate on the north side of the Main street in the Village of Rixford in said Township of Otto.

The borough of Smethport in southeast corner of basement of Court House.

WETMORE TOWNSHIP.

The Old School House on the North side of the Wetmore Road at East Kane, next to John Nelson's store.

SERGEANT TOWNSHIP.

First District—The newly erected Town Hall situated at Clermont.

Second district—In the old residence of D. O. Black at Freeman.

Polls to be open at 7 o'clock a. m. and to be closed at 7 o'clock p. m.

I also make known and give notice that every person, excepting Justices of the peace, who shall hold any office or appointment of profit or trust under the government of the United States or of this State or of any city or incorporated district whether a commissioned officer or otherwise, a subordinate officer or agent, who is or shall be employed under the Legislative, Executive or Judiciary department of this State or of the United States or of any city or incorporated district, and also that every member of Congress and of the State Legislature and of the select or common Council of any city or Commissioners of any incorporate district is, by law, incapable of holding or exercising at the same time the office or appointment of Judge, Inspector or Clerk of any election of this Commonwealth, and that no Inspector, Judge or other officer of any such election shall be eligible to any office to be then voted for, except that of an election officer.

Given under my hand this 21st day of October, A. D. 1906.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

MADE TO MEASURE

Our Tailoring Department has the New Cloths for Spring.

200 Choice Worsteds and Cassimeres—the advance Spring and Summer fabrics.

You leave your measure, select your cloth and the suit is delivered in ten days.

Every individual point you like best is put in. It's made as you prescribe by artists in the made-to-order trade.

Just like high-class tailoring all but the price—that's only a little more than ready-made.

"IKE" SIMONS

BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE

52-54 Main Street.

BRADFORD, PA.

Notice to Merchants.

We are manufacturers of Canvas and Canton Flannel Gloves of all weights. Plain band top, knit wrist, gauntlet or Cadet, &c. When in need write us telling what you want and we will either call on you or send you samples with prices that we know will please you. Our Gloves are good and large when so ordered. We sell at Wholesale only. Kindly remember us when in need and patronize Home Industry.

Barbour & Barbour,

NEWERF, McKean Co., PA.

H. C. BEMIS

Fine Interior Trim and Stair Work

Planing Mill & Retail Lumber

Estimates furnished from plans and specifications.

Inquiries and inspection solicited.

Both Phones

Hilton St., Bradford, Penna.

DR. E. R. BAKER,

DENTIST

OFFICE HOURS:

8:30 a. m. to 12 m.

1:30 p. m. to 5:30 p. m.

OPEN EVENINGS

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Sano's 57 MAIN STREET

BRADFORD, PA.

JEWELER OPTICIAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.

Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 492

Administrator's Notice.

In the matter of the estate of Almon Wordworth, deceased.

Letters of Administration have been duly granted by the Register of Wills of McKean County upon the estate of Almon Wordworth, late of Ceres Township, McKean County, Pennsylvania, deceased, to the undersigned. All persons indebted to the said estate are hereby notified and requested to make payment of said indebtedness; and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate are hereby notified to make proof of the same and present without delay to

JOHN J. ROBERTS, Administrator.
Ceres, (P. O.) N. Y. October 6, 1906

Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that Letters of Administration on the estate of C. C. Wright, late of Keating Township, McKean County, Pennsylvania, have been granted to the undersigned.

All persons having claims against said estate will present the same duly probated for payment, and those indebted to the estate will make payment without delay.

J. B. WRIGHT
Kane, Pa., Oct. 20, 1906. Administrator.

MOVE THE BOWELS AND WORK OFF A COLD WITH THE ORIGINAL BEE'S LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP. BEST FOR A COUGH

Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

Sheridan, Gordon,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention
Smethport, Pa.

F. D. Gallup,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

E. L. Kennan,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW
Office adjoining Residence, Main Street.
Smethport, Pa.
All legal business attended to promptly.

V. B. BOUTON
ATTY.-AT-LAW
Grunge Bank Bldg. SMETHPORT, PA.
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. R. Mayo & Son,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa.
Office connected with long distance telephone.
E. R. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Smethport, Penn'a.
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

FREDERICK W. BACKUS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
All business given careful attention.
Backus Building, opposite Court House.
Smethport, Penna.

Physicians.

Burg Chadwick, M. D.
—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
Office in Drug Store.
Calls answered promptly day or night.
Bell 'Phone.

H. L. McCoy,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D. C. M.
Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 2 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Ostrander, Ph. G., M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office and Residence over Leimuler's harness shop.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to

G. B. Bennington,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 21 Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

J. C. Brown,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and Residence one door East of Catholic Parsonage, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.
Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 2 to 3 p. m.
Office and residence, Hamilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

DR. F. C. PIERCE
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All up-to-date dental work promptly done. Crown and bridge work a specialty. Cleanings and satisfaction guaranteed.
Prices Right. OVER 20 YEARS' EXPERIENCE.
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C. M. COLEGROVE
COUNTY SURVEYOR
SMETHPORT — PENNA
Office in residence, 106 W. King St.

Hotels.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, Prop'r
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

WRIGHT HOUSE,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
DODGE & SHERBURNE, Prop.
F. L. SHERBURNE, Mgr.
This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
T. H. PURTLE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

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